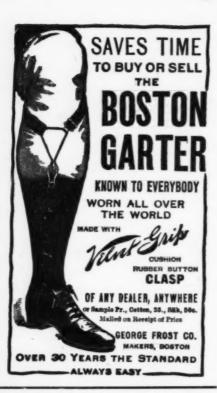
LIBERALISM AND THE CRISIS. By Sydney Brooks.

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Your birds that call from tree to tree Just overhead, and whirl and dart, Your breeze fresh-blowing from the

And your sea singing on, Sweetheart.

Your salt scent on the thin, sharp air Of this gray dawn's first drowsy hours,

While on the grass shines everywhere The yellow starlight of your flowers.

At the road's end your strip of blue Beyond that line of naked trees-Strange that we should remember you As if you would remember these!

As if your spirit, swaying yet To the old passions, were not free Of Spring's wild magic, and the fret Of the wilder wooing of the sea!

What threat of old imaginings, Half-haunted joy, enchanted pain, Or dread of unfamiliar things Should ever trouble you again?

Yet you would wake and want, you said.

The little whirr of wings, the clear Gay notes, the wind, the golden bed Of the daffodil: and they are here-!

Just overhead, they whirl and dart Your birds that call from tree to

Your sea is singing on-Sweetheart. Your breeze is blowing from the sea.

Beyond the line of naked trees At the road's end, your stretch of

Strange if you should remember these-As we! ah! God! remember you! Charlotte M. Mew.

The Nation.

TO HEALTH.

O, Health, the years are passing one by

The springs succeed the winters; but each Spring

Finds me where Autumn left me, and thy wing

Touches me not, though priceless lifesands run.

I see Life's pleasures lost. Life's work undone.

And scan Life's waste, which knows no altering,

Like those whose eyes, on sea or desert, cling

To the horizon which engulfs the sun. Not the ten thousand, when they saw the sea,

A pale-blue streak, from Asia's endless sand.

Shouted as I should shout at sight of thee.

No, nor Columbus, when the dawnbreeze fanned

His long-strained eyes, and round him thund'ringly

Rose to the clouds the cry, "The Land! the land!"

, Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

A FISHER-WIFE'S LULLABY.

Sleep, ma dearie, sleep: Dawntee fret now, dawntee weep now; Shut your eyes an' go tu sleep now. Mother sits an' sings a-near thee, In tha dimpsy-light, ma dearie: Sleep, ma dearie, sleep,

Sleep, ma dearie, sleep: Dawntee luke so wide awake now: Go to sleep for gudeness' sake now. Is it for your dad you're wishin'. Forth upon tha zea a-fishin'?-Sleep, ma dearie, sleep,

Sleep, ma dearie, sleep: Sleep until the break o' day now, While I sit beside an' pray now-Pray that He Who guides tha weather Keep you both, my two together; Sleep, ma dearie, sleep,

Sleep, ma dearie, sleep: Dawntee listen to tha zea now-Shut your eyes and let-a-be now. Some day it may call an' wake you-Some day it may call an' take you!-Sleep, ma dearle, sleep, Arthur L. Salmon.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

LIBERALISM AND THE CRISIS.

At the recent elections the Liberals achieved a victory and suffered a disappointment. Instead of commanding, as in 1906, a clear majority of nearly ninety over all other parties combined, they face the new Parliament with only two more members than the Instead of being the pre-Unionists. dominant partners in a coalition that outnumbered the Unionists four years ago by no less than 356, they now find themselves, even when fully supported by allies who partake somewhat of the character of guerillas, with a lead of only 124. Instead of being free to frame and prosecute their own policies with little or no fear of a revolt that would drive them into surrender or out of office, they are to-day dependent upon the Irish Nationalists who, if they abstain from voting, leave the Government with a majority of fortytwo, who, if they vote against the Government, and with the Unionists, bring about its immediate downfall. Instead of winning some 240 seats in Great Britain, as in 1906, they have in 1910 lost over 100. Their majority of 32,000 votes in London has been turned into an even larger minority; in the English boroughs, where four years ago they were 175,000 ahead of the Unionists, their majority has been reduced to 64,-000; and in the English counties a lead of 220,000 has been whittled down to one of 25,000. Though Wales has added since 1906 some 35,000 to the Liberal majority, and though Scotland has stood wonderfully firm, the turnover of votes in England has been so prodigious that, whereas the Liberals and Labor men piled up a majority in Great Britain of over 630,000 in 1906, in 1910 that majority has been reduced to 280,000. Taking the United Kingdom as a whole, the Coalition majority which stood four years ago at 836,-

000 has been nearly halved. It is true that eight seats were lost to the Coalition through split votes, that the plural voter was never more assiduously polled, that "property" made the fight of its life, and that a majority in seats of 124 and in votes of 486,000 is something that cannot be lightly explained away. Nevertheless, no Liberal who is honest with himself can profess to be satisfied with the results. high-water mark of 1906 could be maintained was not, naturally, to be expected. The very stars in their courses fought then for Liberalism. cannot be said that the circumstances of the recent election, either political or atmospheric, were adverse. were, on the contrary, considerably more propitious than they are ever likely to be at any normal election in the future. Liberals, indeed, could hardly have chosen more favorable ground than that offered to them by their opponents. Four years of energetic. novel, and variegated experiment in social and industrial reform: some unique and resplendent successes in Imperial policy; a total absence of the weakness in foreign affairs that has wrecked more than one Liberal Ministry in the past generation; a host of conspicuously useful administrative achievements; a Budget that, if it aroused more opposition, aroused also more enthusiasm than any financial proposals of our time; and, to crown all, the wantonness of the Lords in challenging one of the fundamental principles of the Constitution-no party could hope to take the field under brighter auspices than these. Yet the fact remains and has to be faced that from a contest as momentous and exciting as any in the annals of British democracy the Liberals have emerged dejected in their victory and the

elated in their defeat. At few elections has it been more difficult to determine what were the predominant issues. In some of the constituencies the question of the Lords played, it would seem, no part at all; in others it proved a valuable Liberal asset; in most it was overshadowed by the fiscal question; in none. so far as my inquiries have gone, was it the supreme and decisive factor. Deeply as it stirred the impartial intelligence of the country, it does not appear to have made any great appeal to the average voter even in the towns, while in the rural parts it fell unmistakably flat. Whatever effect it produced told, no doubt, almost exclusively in favor of the Liberals-the Unionists for their part shrewdly said as little about it as possible-but as a general rule the electorate showed but a poor appetite for Constitutional discussion. The Budget was a far more moving topic, but he would be a bold man who would decide offhand whether it benefited Liberalism more in the boroughs than it damaged it in the counties, or whether Mr. Lloyd George's speeches in defence of it gained more votes than The electioneering value of they lost. the Liberals' record as a whole, and of such measures, in particular, as the Old Age Pensions Act, it seems impossible to assess with any definiteness. Personally I incline to the view, after studying the reports of many candidates in all parts of the country, that as in 1906 the fiscal question was the subject that was most discussed and that most interested the ordinary voter: that what held the industrial North to the cause of Liberalism was mainly devotion to Free Trade stimulated by resentment against the Lords and by enthusiasm for the land taxes; and that what seduced the counties was the rally of "property" and "society," the blandishments of the Tariff Reformers, the fear of new taxes suggested by the

scheme for land valuation, the fierce and effective animosity of "the trade," that vague sense of insecurity which Liberal Governments rarely fail to inspire, and, here and there, the scare about the Navy and Germany.

A confused election has, in short, produced a confused result. It has emphasized at once the strength and the impossibility of Tariff Reform. It has shown that, as in Germany, Protection is beginning in England to draw a line of political division between North and South and between town and country; and it has demonstrated anew the terrible risks to be incurred by those who would seek to impose a change in our fiscal system against the almost unanimous opposition of the chief manufac-And yet if political turing centres. action were governed solely by political convictions, if it were possible in politics to decide each question on its merits and without reference to other questions, the present House of Commons would show a clear majority against both the Budget and Free Trade. So far as the Budget is concerned, this fact has, indeed, already been made startlingly plain; and its consequences must be the paramount factor in guiding the strategy of the Government, and may even settle its For the rest there are certain fate. inferences that may, I think, be drawn from the General Election with a reasonable amount of assurance. that the national verdict was in no sense, as Mr. Redmond has declared it to be, a verdict in favor of Home Rule. Another is that the Liberals have received a warning and a rebuff, though whether the vote of diminished confidence accorded to them is to be interpreted on naval, social, fiscal, or merely "general" grounds is a matter of conjecture. A third fact established by the polls is that the revolution set on foot by the Lords has failed, has been condemned, and must never again be

allowed to repeat itself. A fourth consequence of the appeal to the nation is that the House of Lords has now definitely become the supreme issue of the day, and that the problems, the inseparable problems, of its composition, of its veto on finance, and of its veto on general legislation must henceforward hold the stage until they are solved to the substantial satisfaction of all parties. A fifth, and in some ways the most tangible, result of the election is that the Irish Nationalists are once more the masters of British politics.

It is this last development that more than anything else depreciates the value of the Liberal victory. The people of Great Britain, while still reluctant to concede Home Rule, have an unconquerable aversion to seeing their politics dominated by the Irish Nationalists. It is one of the penalties for their inspired mishandling of the Irish question that they pay with the worst possible grace. Any Government that depends for its existence upon the Irish vote starts its political life fatally discredited. The feeling of the average Englishman on this point, though petty and anti-Imperial. is at once ineradicable, instinctive, and in a sense natural and justifiable. is natural and justifiable because in Ireland, while there is an infinite volubility of speech, there is little real political thought or political education and hardly the semblance of democracy; the personnel, experience, and training of the Irish Nationalists fall far below the standard that obtains in England, Scotland, and Wales; they represent the priest, the publican, the gombeen man, and the boss far more faithfully than they represent either the people or the national cause; they are supported almost entirely by American dollars, though the Irish people, if they chose, are perfectly capable of financing their own political movements; and their intervention in Brit-

ish politics is directed to an end that the majority of Englishmen regard with extreme repugnance. For these reasons a Ministry that is unable to maintain itself in office if the Irish vote against it suffers a loss of reputation and authority that no Parliamentary dexterity can counteract. And that. precisely, is the position of the present Ministry. The Nationalists hold the balance of power as they held it between 1892 and 1895. It is true that their situation to-day is not quite all it was then. Under the last of the Gladstone and the first and last of the Rosebery Cabinets they had merely to abstain from voting to throw the Government out. To-day the Liberals are not altogether so abjectly at their mercy as all that. They will still have a majority even if the Irish Nationalists walk out of the House. Mr. Redmond and his followers go further and vote against the Government, then it falls. In the present state of parties no Ministry can endure without the complaisance or against the opposition of the Irish Nationalists. the Nationalist point of view this is, of course, the ideal opportunity. what they have worked and hoped for these many years. It has now come to them with a fullness beyond anything that Parnell ever knew. Redmond decides that the Budget shall not become law only an alliance between the Liberals and the Unionists can save it. If Mr. Redmond wishes to turn out the Government, to bring the campaign against the Lords to a total stop, to force another General Election within the next few weeks there is nothing to prevent him.

Yet none of these things is likely to happen. Difficult as is the position of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Redmond's is almost equally embarrassed. The revolt of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy against thimble-rigging politics has injected, for the first time since the Parnell split,

a pungent reality into Irish affairs. A dozen or more Irish constituencies in the recent election enjoyed the novel experience of discussing a concrete and ponderable issue of the day, and in ten of them the O'Brienites triumphed over the official candidates. Mr. Redmond's authority, always far greater in the House of Commons than in Ireland, has never been so severely shaken: his exchequer has had to stand the unwonted strain of a whole series of contested elections; he knows that if he breaks with the Liberals and turns them out he has nothing at present to hope for from the Unionists, and that the only result of his action would be to create a confusion which the country would ultimately put an end to by returning the Unionists with a clear majority over all other parties combined; and he shrewdly fears that an early appeal to the electorate would greatly strengthen Mr. O'Brien's following and weaken his own. He cannot therefore afford to bring about an immediate dissolution. At the same time the pressure from behind is so pertinacious and the hostility of the Irish people to the Budget with its land taxes, its licensing duties, and its increased tax on whiskey is so real and strong that Mr. Redmond is obliged, while he bargains in private, to flourish a pistol in public, to state the terms on which his co-operation is to be had in as high and menacing a tone as possible, and to make it appear as though the last word on the Government's policy rested with him. But the extreme probability is that he will do nothing to force the Government to resign, that an accommodation will be reached, and that in return for future remissions of taxation or for an immediate campaign against the Lords or for both, the Budget will be allowed to pass and the names of Mr. Redmond's followers will not appear in the division-list.

It is interesting to speculate on what

use a more popular and more resolute leader than Mr. Redmond can pretend to be would make of his present opportunities, and whether the experience of the past five-and-twenty years has shown that a Nationalist-Liberal alliance is the best device that could be hit upon for advancing Home Rule. That alliance will doubtless continue if only because the Irish Nationalists seem to have lost the capacity for playing a strong, bold game and to have forgotten even how to make themselves a nuisance. For fifteen years they have been more or less a negligible quantity; in their long period of impotence vision and independence have alike deserted them, and the idea of their being anything but a section, an occasionally restless section, of the Liberal Party appears to have vanished from their consciousness. Amid much that is obscure in our immediate political situation, this at least is beyond dispute-that the present Parliament will leave Home Rule even further off than it finds it, and that the Nationalists themselves will lend a blindly willing hand in again postponing the cause they suppose themselves to be furthering. The position is full of exquisite ironies. For twenty-five years the Nationalists have slaved for the Liberals and the Liberals have suffered for the Nationalists. What has Ireland to show for it all? Two Home Rule Bills, each one foredoomed from its birth, an Evicted Tenants Act. Old Age Pensions, and a Catholic University. The measures that have really affected Ireland in the past quarter of a century have been Unionist measures, the Local Government Act and the Wyndham Act. From the Liberals the Nationalists have received nothing that the Irish people as a whole either ardently wanted or ardently welcomed. From the Unionists they have received the two most beneficent, and in a sense most revolutionary, measures that have

been passed for Ireland since the grant of Catholic Emancipation.

But the paradoxes do not end here. Mr. Birrell's Irish Councils Bill of 1907 made it perfectly clear that during the period of the Nationalist-Liberal alliance the cause of Home Rule has gone backwards and not forwards. would Parnell have said to the spectacle of Irish Nationalists, two decades after the introduction of Home Rule, subscribing to and trying to induce their countrymen to accept a Bill that whittled down the grant of autonomy to a mere measure of administrative devolution? Yet the Nationalists still cling to the Liberal alliance. They cling to it although they hate the Budget, although they favor Tariff Reform, although they disapprove (by order of the Church) of popular and undenominational control of the schools. They cling to it for the reason that the Liberals have initiated an impossible campaign to destroy the Lords' power of rejecting any Bill that has passed the House of Commons three times-a campaign that, if persisted in, will ruin the Liberal Party and leave the House of Lords stronger than ever. And what adds to the burlesque of the situation is that on two highly important and contentious questions-Education and Licensing-the Nationalists, and the Unionists are at one, and that on the issue which is now the supreme policy of the Unionist Party their agreement is even stronger. The Irish are natural Protectionists. They would have Protection against Great Britain if they could get it, but, failing that, they would welcome, and welcome gladly, an arrangement that would admit Irish live-stock, butter, eggs, and bacon into the English market on preferential terms. Yet the two parties are prevented from working together because they differ on the question of Irish self-government. Unionist after Unionist has declared that no

compact of any kind can ever be made with the Nationalists, that no Unionist Ministry will ever take office dependent upon the Nationalist vote, and that rather than come to terms with Mr. Redmond and his followers Unionists will prefer to forego the attainment of their most cherished policies and wander indefinitely in the wilderness of opposition. They may admit that, like almost every other great measure that has been inscribed on the British Statute Book during the past eighty years, Tariff Reform is not likely to be carried without the help of the Irish But they insist that a "deal" is impossible, that it would amount to "a betrayal of the Union," that it would be repugnant to the instincts and selfrespect of all true Unionists. They are still where they were in the 'eighties; they refuse utterly to look into the Irish question as it is to-day; they keep on repeating that Home Rule means Rome Rule and Separation, that the lives and property of the "loyal" minority would be in jeopardy if an Irish Parliament met in College Green, and that Ireland would become the base of a German attack upon England. Their minds have ceased to play freely, or indeed to play at all, round the prob-To the vast lem of Irish government. revolution that has overtaken Ireland in the past two decades they are steadfastly, almost heroically, blind. quated and puerile shibboleths, irrational perversities, and a brilliant unwillingness to look the facts in the face are the sources from which Unionists draw the inspiration for their Irish policy. They seem to think that the advance of the Irish people towards a greater and yet greater control of their own affairs, after going on without interruption for a hundred years and more, has suddenly and tactfully stopped; they have never yet soberly compared what they can offer with what the Nationalists can accept; they

seem rather ashamed than otherwise of the happy inspirations of the Wyndham régime; they have ceased to remind themselves that Devolution both in its spirit and its inception was essentially a Unionist policy. I make no comment on the situation I have tried to elucidate and indulge in no prophecies as to its outcome. I am not sure, indeed, that it is quite becoming in one who is a Liberal, a Free-Trader, a Home-Ruler, and an Imperialist-and a Home-Ruler because he is an Imperialist-to mention the subject at all. But I may at least be permitted to express the conviction that the presence in the House of Commons of a compact, disciplined, and indestructible group of some eighty members, whose politics are purely opportunist and whose instincts are all on the side of Tariff Reform, is on the whole the most important and the least mentioned fact in British politics, and that the coincidence of a more skilful Nationalism with a saner and more mellow Unionism may easily make it the decisive and pivotal fact of the future.

Meanwhile the quasi-dependence of the Government upon the Nationalist vote has had already one important It has forced Ministers to result. throw overboard their explicit and reiterated pledges that they would not assume office and would not hold office "unless we can secure the safeguards which experience shows us to be necessary for the legislative utility and honor of the party of progress." These declarations, repeated with but slight and verbal variations by Minister after Minister, were understood by the country, and particularly by the Nationalists and the Labor men to mean, if they meant anything, that Mr. Asquith, if returned to power, would decline to form a Government unless and until he had obtained from the Crown assurances or guarantees that the resistance of the Lords to Lib-

eral measures would in case of need be overborne as it was overborne in 1832. If this was not their meaning, then they amounted to nothing more than a perfectly pointless and superfluous intimation that the Government would resign if its scheme for limiting the Lords' veto failed to become law. That Ministers had, as a matter of fact some vague intention of asking the Crown for guarantees in advance can hardly be doubted, and it is even possible that the intention might have been acted upon had the Government majority been larger, or had it been a British, or still more, an English, majority. But being as it is, a twothirds Irish majority, with all the weakness of repute and authority that a majority so constituted suffers from in English opinion, it was felt at once that there could be no question of any hectoring heroics. As a Moderate Liberal, the smallness and the character of the Government majority are, of course, a disappointment to me; but I cannot be too thankful that they have destroyed the temptation to resort to a device which, though justifiable in an extreme national emergency-to head off a revolution or when there was no other way of carrying on the King's Government-ought never even to be thought of as a party weapon. In the great Constitutional conflict upon which we are entering it is conceivable that the Crown may be called upon to play something more than a passive part. But to appeal to it prematurely, to count upon the influence of the highest of all offices as a mere party asset, and even to contemplate petitioning the Crown for guarantees of safe conduct on behalf of Bills still undrafted in a session not yet begun-all this, to recall Mr. Lloyd George's phrase, is not Liberalism, but lunacy. Liberalism must fight its own battles; and the first rule it should lay to heart, for its own sake as well as for the sake of the

nation, is to leave the Crown alone. One of the newly elected Unionist M.P.'s published a few weeks ago an appeal to his leaders to put the nation I would much rather above party. have seen a similar appeal addressed to the Liberal leaders by one of their An Opposition stands in followers. no need of such adjurations; it is one of its most familiar pretensions, almost, indeed, a part of its stock-intrade, to claim to represent those second thoughts and larger interests which all Governments are accused of ignoring. But there never was a time when it was more necessary to remind the Ministry that what lies in their hands is the fortunes of a nation as well as of a party, and of a nation in the midst of a great process of Constitutional rebuilding. To read some Radical papers, to follow the recent controversy between those who thought the Budget and those who thought the Veto should be taken first, one might imagine that the majority in the new Parliament had received a national mandate to rush down the corridor and sack the House of Lords. The plain and imperative business of the Government is first of all to end the financial confusion by passing the Budget and voting supply. After that or concurrently with that it can proceed with what leisure or precipitancy it thinks best to deal with the House of Lords. the idea, so passionately advocated by Radical extremists during the past few weeks, of disclaiming all responsibility for the financial disorder produced by the action of the Lords, of treating the pressing necessities of the State as of no account, of prolonging the chaos at the Exchequer in some pitiful and fantastic hope of party gain, and of plunging forthwith in a spirit that would have discommoded even the Abbé Sièyes and with a speed that would appall an Oklahoma Assemblyman into the prodigious and fateful task of reconstructing the most famous and intricate Constitution in the world—such an idea betrays a temper, a partisanship, and a misunderstanding of the British people that would deservedly wreck any Government that allowed itself to be dominated by it.

The task ahead of Liberalism is, first, to repair the Constitution where it was broken by the Lords, and, secondly, to readjust it to the instincts and requirements of a modern, democratic State. On the first point there can hardly be much difference of opinion. Every reasonable man must surely now admit that the Lords' veto on finance must go and that statutory precautions must be taken to prevent the coup d'état of last November from being ever again repeated. be taken as so nearly common ground among the moderate men of all parties that it is unnecessary now to go into it. But while the supremacy of the House of Commons in matters of finance must inevitably be re-established, the task of putting it beyond the possibility of future challenge is not quite so simple as some Liberals seem It will not do merely to to think. bring in a Bill limiting the power of the Lords to a bare acceptance of the annual Budget. There must in addition be some specific definition of tack-If the Lords agree not to touch finance, the Commons must likewise bind themselves not to include in a Bill of Finance anything that is not strictly financial; and furthermore, in the event of a disagreement between the two Houses as to whether this condition has been observed, provision must be made for referring the case in dispute to an impartial authority. The status quo, as it existed before November 30th, can never be precisely restored; something has vanished from the workings of our Constitutional system which no enactments can ever replace. The best that we can do is

to extract and translate into terms of law the essence of the customs, precedents, and conventions that regulated our procedure before the Lords went so fatally and violently astray; and we can only do this if we recognize that passion and vindictiveness are out of place, that a one-sided settlement is worse than no settlement at all, and that in legalizing the distribution of financial power between the two Chambers the limitations of the House of Commons must be as frankly admitted as those of the House of Lords.

But it is already clear that the suppression of the Lords' veto on finance occupies a small place in the Liberal programme compared with the suppression of their veto on everything. The power of criticizing, amending, and delaying measures is to be left to them; the power of rejecting them is to be taken away. The House of Lords is already the weakest Second Chamber in the world; the Liberals propose to make it weaker still. Having long and rightly complained that the Lords never rejected Conservative measures, and that the country was virtually on a Single-Chamber basis when the Conservatives were in power, the Liberals now desire to equalize matters by reducing the Upper Chamber to an impartiality of impotence and by removing the only effective obstacle that stands between a chance majority in the House of Commons and the Statute-One obvious blot on the composition of the Upper House is the indiscriminate application of the hereditary principle; another is its political partisanship; a third is its excessive representation of the views and interests of a particular class; a fourth is its aloofness from the direct operation of public opinion; a fifth is its exaggerated But if the Prime Minister's declaration-"We are not going to reform the House of Lords, but to limit its veto"-still represents the policy of

the Government, none of these defects is to be remedied or even considered. A seat in the House of Lords will continue to be the appanage of the Peerage; the Conservatives will continue to outnumber the Liberals by seven or eight to one; every shortcoming that thinking men admit in the composition of the Upper House will continue to exist. All that will have happened will be that the House of Lords, hitherto a sham for the normal purposes of a Second Chamber when the Conservatives were in office, will in future be a sham whatever party is in office. this indeed proves to be the Ministerial policy, if the House of Lords is to be left unreformed and to be stripped of its last shred of real power, there is hardly a man who will not subscribe to Lord Rosebery's prediction that all such proposals "are doomed, if not now, then in the immediate future, to absolute, irretrievable disaster at the hands of the country."

The nation, it is agreed, wants a Second Chamber and will not tolerate any plan that establishes the unchecked omnipotence of the House of Commons. In my firm belief it wants, too, a strong Second Chamber with real and effective powers not only of criticism. amendment, and delay, but of rejection. It knows that the characteristic of the House of Lords hitherto has been not tyranny but timidity; it is well aware that on many occasions it has proved. a truer exponent of the national will than the House of Commons, that with the exception of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget no decision of the Lords on a measure of first-class moment has been reversed at the polls since 1832, and that it would be difficult to point to a Second Chamber anywhere that enjoys a greater popularity or is more responsive to popular opinion; and unless I am greatly mistaken, it is disturbed less by the occasional rejection of Liberal measures than by the uniform and un-

critical ratification of whatever Bills a Conservative Government may please In the past four years the Liberals wrote 232 Acts on the Statute But for the Lords they would Book. have written 238 Acts on the Statute I cannot persuade myself that the difference between the 232 Bills that were passed and the 238 that might have been passed is looked upon by the country as sufficient warrant for blotting the House of Lords out of the The average man is al-Constitution. ways a far less excitable individual than his Member, and it is one of the fatalities of democracy that representatives should always be more extreme than the people they represent. While the Radical M.P. is girding himself to smash the veto of the Lords, the ordinary Englishman, who is far more of a human being than a politician, is wondering whether it ought not to be strengthened. I do not detect any real movement of opinion outside the lobbies at Westminster for cutting down the legislative prerogatives of the House of Lords, apart from the single question of finance; but I do seem to detect a movement of opinion in favor of reforming its composition. Even the Conservatives who thought the Lords sufficiently strong to effect the coup d'état of last November appear now to be persuaded that they are not strong enough to carry on the ordinary business of Government; and my belief is that a House of Lords, reduced in numbers, with one half of its members chosen by the Peers themselves and with the other half elected or nominated, gagged on finance but otherwise in full possession of its present legislative attributes, would meet with the decisive approval of the nation. would not be an "Impartial" Second Chamber-there never has been or can be an impartial Second Chamber. would not be a Liberal Second Chamber-a Liberal Second Chamber is all

but a contradiction in terms. But though its tone would be rightly and preponderantly Conservative, it would be freed to some extent from its subjection to the Conservative Party; it would be strong in the consciousness that a large minority of its members were drawn directly from the people; it would be able—and this is what the country wants—to assert itself in the interests of the nation against the excesses of both parties.

The task we are engaged on is little less than that of framing a new organic act of government. It is useless, I know, to plead that such a task should only be undertaken by a Constitutional Convention representative of all parties; and that if the reorganization of the House of Lords is to be attempted it should be attempted not by the Lords alone, still less by the Conservatives or Liberals alone, but by an impartial non-partisan Commission that would command the confidence of the whole nation. The question has been caught up in the machine of party and cannot now be rescued. But there are certain points that Liberals will only ignore at their peril. One is that they must abandon their old attitude towards the internal reform of the House of Lords-the attitude of Austria-Hungary and Russia towards the internal reform of the Ottoman Empire-the attitude of doing nothing and waiting "till all be ripe and rotten." They must recognize that the question of the composition of the Upper Chamber and the question of its Constitutional powers are inseparable and cannot be treated apart. Above all they must remember that any readjustment of the relations between the two Houses that is to endure must be the combined work of all parties, and cannot represent the interests and prejudices of merely one of them. It is only in proportion as Liberalism becomes really liberal, rises from the factional

to the national standpoint, and bears constantly in mind the permanent forces that have moulded the peculiar character and genius of our people and

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their institutions, that it can hope to succeed, or even to escape disaster, in the campaign upon which it has embarked.

Sydney Brooks.

ITALIAN HUMANISTS AND THEIR GARDENS.

I' mi trovai, fanciulie, un bel mattino Di mezzo Maggio, in un verde giardino. Angelo Poliziano.

The Italian humanists of the Renaissance, like the citizens of Utopia, set great store by their gardens. newly awakened delight in the beauty of nature and the passionate interest in classical antiquity which marked the age, early led scholars to follow the example of the ancient Romans in this They read Quintilian and respect. Varro, pondered over the pages of Pliny and Columella, and turned their thoughts once more to the long-lost art of gardening. In Bacon's famous phrase, "they began first to build stately, then to garden finely."

The love of fresh air and sunshine, the spirit of independence, and taste for roving soon caused men and women to seek the countryside. Tuscan poets took up the strain and sang the joys of the open road and the pleasant Maytime. Folgore, the chivalrous poet of San Gimignano-"San Fina's town of the beautiful towers"-bade youths and maidens leave the city for the villa with the first breath of June. and whisper their secrets in the shady groves where roses bloom and fountains keep the grass green through the parching summer days. Lapo Gianni prayed that he might spend his life with fair women in bowers where the leaves are always green and the birds never cease their songs. And Franco Sacchetti. the gayest singer of them all, called on his company of pleasure-seekers to

fling care to the winds, and, leaving grave thoughts within the city walls, escape to the olive-woods and the hills, the villa and the gardens where the blessed Spring awaited them.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, Piero Crescenzi, a jurist of Bologna, wrote a Latin treatise on Agriculture, which he dedicated Charles II, King of Naples, the son and successor of Charles of Anjou. eighth book of this work is devoted to pleasure-gardens, which the author divides into three classes, those of poor men, those of persons of moderate fortunes, and those of wealthy nobles and kings. "Each of these," Piero writes, "should be adorned with sweet-scented flowers, arbors of clipped trees, grassy lawns, and, if possible, a sparkling fountain to lend joy and brightness to A pergola of vines will afthe scene. ford shade in the noonday heats, but in small gardens it is well to plant no trees on the lawn, and to leave the grass exposed to the pure airs and sunshine." For the ordinary person, two to four acres of ground should be sufficient, but twenty acres would be more fitting for kings and nobles. But since those personages who have the means to satisfy their fancies are generally too ignorant or indolent to lay out their own gardens, the writer proceeds to lay down rules for their guidance. "A royal garden," he says, "should be girt about with walls; a fine palace should stand on the south side, with flower-beds, orchards, and fishponds,

and on the north side, a thick wood should be planted to afford shade and protect the garden from cruel winds." A pavilion or casino, to serve as a dwelling-place in the summer, should be placed in some part of the grounds, surrounded with green palisades, while evergreen trees, such as the pine, the cypress and ilex, which are never bare of leaves, should be planted for ornament during the winter months. Nor should a menagerie of wild animals be wanting, or an aviary of singing birds, who should be allowed to fly at will among the trees.

Messer Piero's maxims seem to have met with general approval from his fellow-countrymen, and indicate the lines on which most Renaissance gardens were laid out. As the sense of security increased, as men became rich and prosperous, country-houses and gardens sprang up everywhere. trarch had his villetta near the fountain of Vaucluse, and two gardens, the one sacred to Apollo, the other to Bacchus, where he was never tired of contemplating the sky, the mountains, and the waters, and where he would gladly have spent the rest of his life, "were Avignon not so near, and Italy not so far."

"If love of my own things and the force of ancient habit do not deceive me, there is no place in the world better fitted to inspire noble thoughts and lofty dreams." So the poet wrote from Lombardy to his old friend Guido Settimo, Archdeacon of Genoa, who was staying at the villa in his absence. He goes on to speak of the orticella, where he has planted fruit trees of every kind with his own hand, being at once architect and gardener, and begs the priest to go on with the work.

I have been told [he writes] by the oldest inhabitants of the place, more especially by my own servant, who is

most experienced in agricultural matters, that whatever is planted on the 6th of February always flourishes and is never affected by any evil influences. So, when this day comes round, especially if it falls under a good moon, be sure to plant some new tree in the garden, in order that if we are allowed to spend our old age in this spot, your tree may be fairer and its foliage thicker than that of any other. Meanwhile enjoy the trees which are there, both the oldest that were planted by Bacchus and Minerva, and the youngest that were planted by my own hands, and which have grown so fast that they promise to shelter not only our descendants but ourselves. . . But why, oh why, do I recall every detail of my villetta? Never can I gaze on the beauty of earth and sky without remembering my villa and those with whom I long to spend my few remaining days.1

In his old age, Petrarch was fortunate enough to find another home on Italian soil, at Arqua, in the Euganean hills, where he built himself a villa, "piccola, ma graziosa," and spent the last years of his life in the peaceful enjoyment of the beautiful prospect and sweet, wholesome air. The low white-walled house is still standing in the olive-woods on the heights above Arqua, and the garden, with its medlars and pomegranates, its vines and acacias, is little altered since he lived During centuries it has been the goal of pilgrims from all lands, who, like Bembo and Niccolò da Correggio, Byron and Shelley. climbed the hill to visit the poet's tomb near the church, and have looked down from the loggia of Petrarch's home on the "waveless plain of Lombardy" stretching far away in the blue distance.

When Petrarch was counting his fruit-trees and defending his garden from the Naiads of the Sorgue, another

^{1 &}quot;Lettere di F. Petrarca (G. Fracassetti) iv. 41.

Florentine, Boccaccio, was writing those inimitable pages in which he describes the gardens of Poggio Gherardo and Villa Palmieri, near his home at In the introduction to the Settignano. Decamerone, he tells us how Pampinea led her joyous troop up the little hill, far from the dusty highway, to a fair palace surrounded by green lawns and spacious gardens, all neatly kept, and full of such flowers as belonged to the season. "Here," she said, "it is good and pleasant to stay," and Filomena crowned her brow with green laurel leaves, while a table decked with the whitest of linen cloths, with boughs of yellow broom and silver vessels, was set out in the court. On Sunday mornings the fair ladies descended from the heights, and the Queen led the way along an unfrequented lane, where some twenty nightingales sang, and herbs and flowers were just opening to the rising sun, to the Villa Schifanoia (Sans-Souci), afterwards known as Villa Palmieri. Here they wondered at the beauty of the gardens, at the broad alleys shaded by pergolas, laden with purple grapes, and bordered with red and white roses and jessamine, "that filled the air with sweet scents and shut out the rays of the sun, not only in the morning, but at noonday, so that one could always walk there without fear." More delightful than all was the lawn of the finest and greenest grass, spangled with a thousand flowers and surrounded by orange and citron trees, bearing ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time. In the centre stood a white marble fountain, marvellously carved, sending up a jet of water, which, falling with delicious sound into a crystal basin, was carried through little channels into all parts of the garden, and finally poured down into the valley with such force as to turn the wheels of two mills, "much. as you may suppose, to the profit of the owner."

The mills on the Mugnone are still standing, and the gardens where Boccaccio's ladies danced and feasted and told their witty tales have been described by many other eloquent pens.

· Both Petrarch and Boccaccio lived when the dawn of the new learning was breaking in the sky, and in Philip Sidney's phrase, morning did strew roses and violets on the heavenly floor, against the coming of the sun." But, in fifteenth century, when men the and women were bent on enjoying life in all its fulness-and individual expression had become a passionate necessity-there was a great outburst of garden-making. The newborn love of nature penetrated every phase of society. It stirred the heart of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini as he watched the changing lights on the slopes of Monte Amiata and the gnarled stems of the oaks that overshadow the ravines in the Volscian country. It moved Ser Lapo Mazzei, that very prosaic-minded notary of Prato, to ride out to his villa at Grignano, in the cool of the evening, and help his laborers tie up the vines and dig the garden. And it impelled Buonaccorso Pitti, the father of the great Messer Luca, to buy a farm at Bogole, which afterwards became famous as the site of the Boboli gardens. This honest citizen took as much delight in his fruit-trees as Petrarch, and kept a daily record of their growth and numbers. "On this day, the 24th of April 1419." he writes in his diary, "I counted all the trees that bear fruit in our gardens and vineyards, not including walnut-trees. I find 564 trees in all, 60 olive, 164 fig, 106 peach, 58 cherry, 24 almond, 5 pomegranate, 25 apple, 16 pear, 2 quince, and 4 filberttrees." 2

It was left for Leo Battista Alberti to paint the joys and virtue of countrylife in his admirable treatise, *Del Gov-*² "Cronica di Buonaccorso Pitti," p. 112. erno della Famiglia. The sentiments which he puts into the lips of Agnolo Pandolfini, the excellent wool-merchant, who, weary of trade and politics, has retired to his villa at Signa, are worthy of Ruskin himself. In his eyes the villa—that is to say, the country—stands for truth and righteousness, for all that is highest and holiest in public and private life.

What man is there who does not find joy and happiness in the villa? [he asks.] The villa is always gracious and faithful and true. If you govern her wisely and well she will never fail to satisfy you and will always add gift to gift. In spring the villa affords endless delights-green leaves, flowers, sweet scents, songs of birds-and does her utmost to make you glad and joyous. The world smiles on you; there is good promise of a rich harvest, you are filled with hope, with mirth and gaiety. And then how courteous the villa becomes, sending you one fruit after another, never leaving the barn empty. In autumn her rewards are out of all proportion to your labors; she gives you back twelve for one, for a little toil many barrels of wine, and for what is old, things new She fills the house with and good. fresh and dried grapes, walnuts, figs, pears, almonds, filberts, pomegranates, with sweet and luscious apples, and other wholesome fruits. Nor does she forget to be liberal in winter, supplying you with oil and wood, with vine-tendrils, laurel and juniper boughs, to shelter you from snow and wind, and kindle a fragrant and cheerful flame on the hearth. And if you please to stay with her, the villa will gladden you with splendid sunshine and give you fine sport in chasing the hare, the stag, and the wild boar. What need I say more? It would be hard to tell all that the villa does for the family's health and comfort. And the wise have always held that the villa is the refuge of good, just and temperate men, yielding them gain together with pleasant amusement. There you may enjoy clear, brilliant days and beautiful prospects over wooded hills and sunlit plains, and listen to the murmuring of fountains and of the running streams that flow through the tufted grass. What is still better, there you can escape from the noise and tumult of the city, the turmoils of the Piazza and the Palace. O blessed country life, how untold are your joys!

So Leo Battista Alberti, the greatest prose writer of the age, sings the praises of the simple life. His words recall many a plain white-washed villa of the fifteenth century which is still to be found hidden among the olive-woods round Florence, with a clump of cypresses by the gateway and a hedge of roses of blue iris along the path where the young wheat is sprouting in the furrow.

The Italians, like the old Romans, were always careful to discriminate between the Villa Urbana and Rustica, the one a palatial building in the city or its immediate neighborhood, the other a modest, oblong house with broad eaves and square tower, half farm and half fortress-the podere or vigna of the landlord who spends six months of the year on his estates. On one occasion, indeed, an animated debate was held in the Roman Academy as to the different meaning of the words villa and vigna, and the philosophers who discussed the question finally decided that their significance was precisely the same. But whether the villa stood in the city or country, the garden was always treated as an integral part of the house, a place to be lived in, which must be adapted to the architectural design of the buliding as well as to the requirements of its inhabitants. was in the age of the Medici, when Pandolfini lived and Alberti wrote, that garden-design became a fine art and individual culture and character found expression in the creation of the countless pleasure houses that are scattered over the Tuscan hills.

^{3 &}quot; Del Governo della Famiglia," p, 109.

Sosimo de' Medici bought the estate of Careggi, two miles north-west of the city, and employed Michelozzo to design the house and grounds-"a thing," says Vasari, "truly rich and magnificent," as well as to bring water for the fountain that may still be seen in the garden. This villa, with the covered galleries under the roof and the frescoed loggia, looking over the ilexwoods towards the sunset, remained the favorite home of the Medici during three generations, and was enlarged and beautified by each successive owner. Here Cosimo Pater Patriae dined on the memorable day when he returned to Florence in triumph, bringing with him the faithful architect who had shared his exile. In this villa, which he called the place on earth nearest to heaven, he spent the happiest hours of his life, studying Plato and discussing philosophy with Marsilio Ficino, for whom he built the villa of "La Fontanella," close by.

Yesterday I arrived at Careggi [he wrote to Ficino], not so much with the object of improving my gardens as myself. Let me see you, Marsilio, as soon as possible, and do not forget to bring with you the book of our friend Plato—De summo bono—which I hope you have by this time translated into Latin, for there is nothing that I desire so ardently as to find out the true road to happiness. Come then and fail not to bring with you the lyre of Orpheus.

Here in April 1459, when Cosimo was too infirm to leave the Via Larga, his sons entertained young Galeazzo Maria Sforza, who was sent by his august father, Francesco, Duke of Milan, to meet Pope Pius II.

Yesterday [the boy wrote home to his parents] I went to Careggi, a most beautiful palace belonging to Cosimo, and was shown all over the place, and was no less delighted with the gardens, which are altogether enchanting, than with the noble building, which is cer-

tainly one of the finest houses in this city, when you consider the halls, bedrooms, kitchens, and furniture.⁵

Galeazzo proceeds to describe the banquet at which he was entertained by Piero de' Medici and the chief members of his family, all saving Cosimo's handsome son Giovanni, who refused to sit down, and himself insisted on waiting on the guests. A young Tuscan poet, Antonio Commelli of Pistoja, chanted a poem in praise of the Sforza's great deeds to the music of his lute, after which the Medici ladies and Marietta Strozzi, whose bust was carved by Desiderio da Settignano. and whom Galeazzo calls the loveliest maiden in Florence, joined in country dances with the peasant girls of Careggi. Altogether it was a memorable afternoon, and one that the young Sforza prince could not easily forget.

Cafaggiuolo was another villa which Michelozzo built for Cosimo on a spur of the Apennines in Val Mugello, eighteen miles from the town. Vasari describes this as a castle with moat and drawbridge, built for defence, but surrounded with ilex-woods, gardens, fountains, aviaries, and all that makes a villa fair and pleasant. To-day Cafaggiuolo still retains its massive tower and machicolated walls, although the moat and bridges are gone and the grass grows up to the doors. cording to Messer Giorgio Michelozzo's masterpiece was the villa which he built for Cosimo's younger son, Giovanni, on the steep hill of Fiesole. Here he had to contend with the natural difficulties of the site, but even these the great architect turned to adraising vantage, huge buttresses against the hillside, and having stables, cellars, and storehouses cut out of the rock, on which he erected "fair halls and saloons for music and books." "And so great was his skill," adds

⁵ Bibliotheque Nationale, Fonds italien, 1588.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, No. 0 50. Their Gardens.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vasari, "that in spite of the exposed situation of the house no crack has ever been seen in the walls."

Cosimo's grandsons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, spent much of their boyhood in Cafaggiuolo. Here they were sent when the plague was raging in Florence and their grandfather was dying at Careggi, and here after his death they often spent the summer with the widowed Monna Contessina. boys, as the fattore told their father, had a happy time, riding, fishing, shooting, and visiting different parts of the estate. Lorenzo, it appears, already showed a taste for gardening, and asked Piero's leave to lay out the rough ground in front of the villa. And it was at a village fair in the neighborhood of Cafaggiuolo that he met the peasant girl who became the heroine of his rustic idyll, Nencia da Barberino. From the first a genuine love of nature inspired his youthful sonnets and canzoni. He describes the ilex-woods and rippling streams, the song of the nightingales in the thicket, the belle, fresche e purpuree viole in the grass and the red and white rosebuds of the gardens. A sunflower on the terraces of Careggi filled him with tender musings on the death of the fair Simonetta, and his mistress Lucrezia first appeared to him, like Botticelli's Venus, in a shower of roses. The simple joys of rural life, the calm repose of the villa, and the beauty of trees and flowers are themes of which he never tires. Let others seek the stately halls and busy marts of the city, the games and pleasures which bring with them a thousand vexing cares. All he asks for is a little green meadow full of flowers, a rivulet murmuring in the grass, and a single bird pouring out its love-song in the hedge.

Lorenzo's friend, Angelo Poliziano, weaves the same thoughts into still sweeter verse. For delicate charm and grace no poem of the century LIVING AGE. VOL. XLVII. 2442 equals his Ballata "I' mi trovai, fauciulle, un bel mattino," in which, forestalling our English poet, he bids fair maidens "gather the roses while they may."

Sicchè, fanciulle, mentre è più fiorita, Cogliam la bella rosa del giardino.

Poliziano was the most distinguished of all the brilliant circle which flour-ished "in the balmy airs of Careggi as in the shade of the Elysian myrties." His fame drew visitors from all parts of Italy, and his poetic gifts were in constant requisition.

Does a man want a motto for a sword-hilt [he writes from Fiesole to his friend Donato], a posy for a ring, a device for his bed, his plate, or even his pots and pans, he runs like all the world to Poliziano. There is hardly a wall that I have not besmeared, like a snail, with the effusions of my brain. One man teases me for a glee or a drinking song, another asks for a grave discourse, a third begs for a serenade, a fourth for a carnival ballad.

Lorenzo made Poliziano tutor to his sons, bidding him not only teach them Greek and Latin, but infuse them with his own love of Nature. Accordingly he set the boys themes on rural subjects and took them to visit all the gardens in the neighborhood. poet was not always easy to live with. When Lorenzo was absent, and it rained every day at Careggi. Messer Angelo fretted and fumed and quarrelled with Madonna Clarice until she declared his presence to be intolerable. Then Lorenzo sent him to Fiesole, where he wrote his Rusticus, and consoled himself with the company of Pico Mirandola, the accomplished della youth whom Poliziano called "the Phœnix who nested in the Medici laurel." Pico was often the guest of the brothers Benivieni, whose villa "Le

⁶ I went a roaming, maiden, one bright day, In a green garden, in mid month of May. J. A. SYMONDS.

Querce" was just across the valley, while Ficino spent much of his time at the villa Marmigliana at Maiano and finished his translation of Plato there in 1480. Together the three humanists strolled through the valley, visiting the homes of Boccaccio and Galileo, and hearing from Girolamo Benivieni of his friend, the great Friar-preacher, who had persuaded him to leave off writing carnival songs, and compose hymns for the children of San Marco.

There is a delightful letter, in which Poliziano begs Marsilio Ficino to join him at the Medici villa.

When the summer heat becomes too great at Careggi, do not fail to seek our There is abundance Fiesolan villa. of water here, and, as we are on the edge of a valley, but little sun, and the wind is certainly never lacking. villa itself lies off the road, in a dense wood, but commands a view of the whole city, and although the district is thickly populated I enjoy that solitude dear to those who have fled from town. More than this, I have a double attrac-Often Pico, appearing tion to offer. from his oak-woods, unexpectedly drags me out of these shades to share This, as you know, is his supper. frugal but sufficient, well seasoned with pleasant conversation and jests. come and be my guest, and your supper shall be as good and your wine perhaps better. For in this I will venture to dispute the prize with Pico."

Lorenzo made many improvements in the gardens at Careggi, collecting all manner of rare plants and exotics and adorning them with fine bronzes, such as the superb statue of David and the beautiful fountain with the boy strangling a dolphin, by Andrea Verrocchio, which are now in Florence. Not content with the villas erected by Cosimo, in 1485 he employed Giuliano di Sangallo to build him a new country house at Poggio à Caiano, on the banks of the Ombrone, half-way between Florence.

ence and Pistoia. The grand double flight of steps leading to upper loggia and the vaulted hall, which Vasari calls the loftiest he had ever seen, are The charming frescoes still standing. on the walls were painted by Andrea del Sarto and his scholars to commemorate the gifts of parrots, apes, and other animals that were presented to the Magnifico in 1488 by the Sultan of Babylon, and placed in the menagerie at Poggio. Among these was a giraffe which excited so much interest that it was sent round to the convents to gratify the curiosity of the nuns. "The creature will eat anything," writes Tribaldo de' Rossi. "It pokes its nose into every peasant's basket, and is so gentle that it will take an apple from a child's hand. But it died on January 2, and everybody was sorry for the beautiful spotted giraffe." 8

The vast gardens which Lorenzo laid out on the ground sloping down to the river, the orchards and mulberry trees which he planted in order to encourage the silk trade, and the woods which he stocked with peacocks and pheasants, quails and water-fowl, have been described by Michele Berini in prose and by Poliziano in verse. But in spite of the strong dykes that were built to protect the gardens from the winter floods, one day the Ombrone broke its banks, and swept away the islet which Lorenzo had planted with rare herbs and trees. Like a true humanist, he consoled himself for this disaster by writing an Ovidian poem, in which he describes how Ambra, the loveliest of Caiano's nymphs, fled from the embraces of the river-god Ombrone, and was turned into a rock by the goddess Diana.

In his latter years, the Magnifico employed Sangallo to build yet another villa at Lo Spedaletto on the heights near Volterra, where he spent the autumn months in the hope that the

⁷ A. Poliziano, "Opere," p. 135.

⁸ D. Salvi. (Domenici 247.)

mountain air might benefit his failing health. There Botticelli, Ghirlandaio, and Filippino decorated the hall with paintings of Lorenzo's favorite Greek myths, and traces of color may still be seen on a loggia in the garden. But of all these villas, Careggi is the one most closely associated with Lorenzo's memory. Here every year, on the birthday of Plato, he gave a banquet to the Florentine Academy, and it was here, like his grandfather, that he died.

Seldom have comfort and splendor, richness and simplicity, the beauties of Art and Nature, been more happily combined than in these villas where Lorenzo, himself the most perfect of hosts, entertained the foremost scholars of the age, where Pulci recited romances from his Morgante for the amusement of Monna Lucrezia, and the witty chaplain Matteo Franco delighted and annoyed the guests by turn with his sallies. Many of the city gardens were also intimately associated with the life of its humanists. Lorenzo adorned the gardens of his palace in the Via Larga with excellent paintings and antique marbles, and threw them open to artists and students. Here Poliziano and Pico discoursed of classical myths and Greek ideals, and Botticelli and the young Michaelangelo studied bas-reliefs and sarcophagi in the myrtle groves and cypress avenues under the shadow of San Marco. The members of the Academy often met in the Oricellari gardens, beyond Santa Maria Novella, where, in later days, Machiavelli fired the patriotic enthusiasm of the young Florentines with his lectures on Roman heroes, and Giovanni Rucellai's play, Rosmunda, was acted in the presence of Pope Leo the Tenth.

All over the hills near Florence villas sprang up, built by the friends and kinsfolk of the Medici on these delicious sites, "where," in Messer Agnolo's words, "the air is pure as crystal, and the views are divinely beautiful, where there are few fogs and no bitter winds, but all things are good and wholesome." 9 The Tornabuoni had their country house at Chiasso Macerelli, between Careggi and Fiesole. Here Piero de' Medici met and courted Lucrezia Tornabuoni, the admirable mother who was the object of the Magnifico's love and reverence, and here one summer day in 1486 young Lorenzo, the hope of the family, led home Giovanna degli Albizzi, the fairest maiden in Florence, as his bride. Ghirlandaio painted Giovanna's portrait, and Botticelli decorated the pian nobile of the villa with two famous frescoes representing the Graces doing homage to the bride, while her accomplished husband, "the friend of all the Muses," is welcomed by the Arts and Sciences. To-day Sandro's frescoes hang on the staircase of the Louvre, and Ghirlandaio's portrait of the lovely maiden, a masterpiece of Florentine art, is the pride of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's library at New York. Only the old white house remains, with the square tower and pillared loggia, and a doorway with the Tornabuoni arms carved in stone amid a tangled thicket of roses and jessamine.

At the foot of Monte Morello, two miles beyond Careggi, stood another country house closely connected with a younger branch of the Medici. This was the beautiful villa of Castello, built, says Vasari, "with rare skill by Cosimo's nephew, Pier Francesco." In front of the house was a wide lawn with tanks of water divided by clipped hedges and long avenues of mulberrytrees leading down to the Arno, while behind, the gardens were laid out in terraces, adorned with statues and fountains, against the steep hillside. Castello was the scene of many brilliant festivities in the days of Pier

º " Del Governo della Famiglia," 105.

Francesco's son Lorenzo, the intimate friend of Poliziano and patron of Botti-For him Sandro painted those great pictures of "Primavera" and the "Birth of Venus," in which the humanists' love of old myths and delight in the joyous Maytime alike find expression, and which in Vasari's time still hung on the villa walls. It was to Castello that Caterina Sforza, the heroic Madonna of Forli, came to end her days after her cruel captivity in Rome, while her little son, afterwards the great captain, Giovanni delle bande Nere, was kept in hiding and brought up in girl's clothes by the good nuns of Giovanni's son Cosimo be-Annalena. came the first Grand Duke of Florence, and employed Buontalenti and Tribolo to lay out the gardens of Castello on a grander scale and adorn them with the splendid fountains, the grottoes, and labyrinths which excited the admiration of Montaigne and Evelyn. The sister villa of Petraja, which stands a mile off at the other end of an ilexwood, originally belonged to the Brunelleschi and Strozzi families, and still retains its ancient tower, but was confiscated by Cosimo de' Medici after the rebellion of Filippo Strozzi, and became this prince's favorite residence. Another house which, with its strong walls and towers, bears a marked resemblance to Careggi, is Villa Salviati. It was the residence of this family for three hundred and fifty years, and the lovely terraced gardens looking towards Fiesole were laid out by Jacopo Salviati, the son-in-law of Lorenzo de' Medici, whose daughter Maria married Giovanni delle bande Nere, and became the mother of the first Tuscan Grand Duke.

Another kinsman of the Medici, Giovanni Rucellai, the fine old citizen who thanked God that he was born in the days of Cosimo, built a villa at Quaracchi, which he spared no pains or expense to beautify. His son married

Lorenzo's sister Nannina, and his grandson Giovanni, who was Castellan of Sant' Angelo in the reign of Leo the Tenth, wrote a charming poem on the bees—"Le Api"—in which he describes this beloved country house. The poet dwells fondly on his recollections of the delicious spot, and recalls the whispering reeds in the pool, the bees and butterflies gathering honey from lilies and roses, the goats feeding in the meadow and the swallows circling in the air, the clear stream and grassy lawns, for which he sighed in the hot summer months. But he died in Rome a year afterwards, and never saw Quaracchi again.

Many of these gardens have perished altogether, and those which remained were for the most part transformed into sumptuous pleasure-houses in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. But all alike were modelled on the plan of Pliny's Tuscan villa, with a portico opening on the xystus or terrace, walls bordered with clipped box or ilex hedges leading to grassy lawns adorned with fountains and marble seats. The view from the house or terrace was always a special feature. The site of the house was chosen chiefly for the sake of the prospect, whether, as at Castello and Poggio à Caiano, you looked out on grassy lawns and clear pools, or, as at Fiesole and Poggio Gherardo, you saw all Valdarno lying at your feet, with the mountains of Carrara in the distance and the domes and towers of Florence rising out of violet haze. The landscape formed an important part of the garden and was included in the general composition. Cypress and ilex avenues made fine perspectives along the hillside; the beauty of distant peaks and far blue plains was heightened by the over-arching trees that framed in the vista. Close to the house lay the Giardino segreto, well shut in by clipped hedges of ilex or laurel-a little garden

with sunny walks for winter days and a bosco to afford a retreat from the noonday sun, a lawn with a fountain in the centre and a sunk parterre filled with roses and pinks. Lilies and sunflowers in big marble or terra-cotta vases might be placed along the balustrade of the retaining wall, and roses and jessamine were grown on trelliswork or allowed to wander at will over the low stone parapet. But few flowers, as a rule, we suspect, were to be found in Renaissance gardens. Herein, as Sir William Temple remarks, lies the great difference between English and Italian gardens.

In the warmer regions, fruits and flowers of the best sort are so common and so easy of production that they grow in the fields and are not worth the cost of inclosing, or the care of more than ordinary cultiva-On the other side, the great pleasures of these countries are coolness of air and whatever looks cool even to the eyes, and relieves them from the unpleasant sight of dusty streets and parched fields. This makes the gardens of those countries to be chiefly valued by largeness of extent, which gives greater play and openness of air, by shades of trees, by frequency of living streams or fountains, by perspectives, by statues, and by pillars and obelisks of stone, scattered up and down, which all conspire to make any place look fresh and cool. We, on the contrary, are careless of shade and seldom curious in fountains. Good statues are in the reach of few men and common ones are greatly despised and neglected.10

Shade, no doubt, was one of the chief requirements of Italian gardens. A wood was always planted near the house, and ilex-groves and tunnels of pleached and knotted trees afforded a soft twilight on blazing August days. The perennial verdure of cypress and pine, ilex and box was invaluable in the winter months, while in spring and

summer it formed a pleasant contrast to the lighter foliage of elm and plane, of orange and citron trees. with marble basins, in which the water trickled over beds of moss and maidenhair, supplied a cool retreat in the hot season, and were prominent features in the ducal gardens of Castello and Bob-The pleasant sound of falling oli. water and murmuring streams was indispensable to perfect enjoyment. fountain, as Crescenzi writes, is necessary to the smallest garden. Michelozzo and his brother architects built aqueducts and brought water from the Arno and Mugnone to supply the fountains of the Medici villas, and the best sculptors of the day, from Verrocchio to Tribolo, lavished their skill and ingenuity on the bronze and marble putti and colossal figures which adorned Statues, again, were a decorative element of which the Florentine garden-architect made extensive use. At first a few antique busts were placed along the parapet of the terrace or under the central loggia. long, Greek gods and heroes, fauns and naiads were seen at the end of every alley, while giants and caryatides were introduced to support walls and porticoes.

One great charm of Renaissance gardens was the skilful manner in which Nature and Art were blended together. The formal design of the giardino segreto agreed with the straight lines of the house, and the walls, with their clipped hedges, led on to the wilder, freer growth of woodland and meadow, while the dense shade of the bosco supplied an effective contrast to the sunny spaces of lawn and flower-bed. ancient practice of cutting box-trees into fantastic shapes, known to the Romans as the topiary art, was largely restored in the fifteenth century and became an essential part of Italian gardens. In that strange romance printed at the Aldine Press in 1499, the Hyper-

¹⁰ Temple, "Works," iii. 217.

notomachia of Francesco Colonna, Polyphilus and his beloved are led through an enchanted garden, where banquethouses, temples, and statues stand in the midst of myrtle groves and labyrinths on the banks of a shining stream. The pages of this curious book are adorned with a profusion of wood-cuts, by some Venetian engraver, representing pergolas, fountains, sunk parterres, pillared loggie, clipped box and ilex trees of every variety, which give a good idea of the garden-architecture then in vogue.

Many other delightful pictures of Tuscan gardens are to be found in the works of contemporary painters. Everyone who has visited the Campo Santo of Pisa will remember the gay knights and ladies seated on the grassy bank under the orange-groves in the famous fresco of the "Triumph of Death," and Puccio's "Garden of Eden," with the rose-trellis and fruit trees, the song birds, and marble fountain adorned with lions' heads. In the cells of San Marco, Fra Angelico shows us the Magdalen and her risen Lord walking in a garden planted with olive, cypress, and palm, and the Archangel bending before the lowly Virgin in a loggia opening on the convent garden, where pinks and daisies flower in the grass, and rose-bushes and cypresses rise behind the wooden paling. Again, in the paintings of that devout Piagnone artist, Lorenzo di Credi, we are allowed charming glimpses of formal gardens with broad walks and ilex avenues on the banks of running streams. Botticelli thrones his Madonna in a bower of palm and olive, cypress and myrtle. with tall white lilies and red and white roses standing in bowls along the marble parapet, and places the Court of Venus in a woodland glade where the Graces dance hand in hand on the flowery turf.

But of all these old Florentines, none took greater delight in rural

scenes than Fra Angelico's pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli. In the Campo Santo of Pisa this excellent artist painted a whole series of Tuscan landscapes as a setting for the history of the patriarchs, to the great admiration of his contemporaries. The Tower of Babel rears its lofty pile among terraced gardens and blossoming orchards; youths and maidens pluck the purple grapes from the pergola over Noah's head; while the Renaissance portico, where St. Augustine teaches rhetoric, opens on a hillside crowned with smiling villa-gardens. Still more to Benozzo's taste was the task of painting the walls of the Medici chapel in Via Larga which Cosimo's son Piero gave him in Here he had to commemorate 1459. the Council of Florence and introduce portraits of the Greek Emperor and Patriarch, of Cosimo and his family, in one great fresco of the Adoration of the Magi. All through the summer months, while most people were taking their ease in villeggiatura, Benozzo toiled to satisfy the great man at Careggi, who called him his amico singularissimo. The heat was intense that August, and the precious ultramarine melted so fast that the painter dared not leave his work for a moment, even to go to Careggi. But sometimes of an evening Piero would ride in to the city to see the fresco, and offer a suggestion or make some criticism.

I am working with all my might [wrote Benozzo to him], and if I fail it will be from lack of knowledge, not from want of zeal. God knows I have no other thought in my heart but how best to perfect my work and satisfy your wishes.

On the chapel walls he set forth the great procession winding its way across the Apennines, the Three Kings and their glittering train in all the bravery of rich attire and gallant bearing, with the white-walled villas and bell-towers peeping out of the olive-woods be-

hind them. But he filled the sanctuary with troops of bright angelic be- ates, blue-breasted peacocks trailing ings, with flower-like faces and rain- their starry plumes over green lawns bow wings, chanting Glorias or kneel- and marble balustrades, and angels ing in adoration at the manger of Beth-tending the flowers of this new Eden, lehem. stead of rugged Apennines and wooded of roses. It is the garden of Careggi hillside, he painted stone pines and cy- transformed into a vision of Paradise presses, growing tall and straight against the sky, a trellis laden with

roses and clusters of ripe pomegran-And in the background, in- or dancing forward with their lap full Julia M. Ady.

(Julia Cartwright.)

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK VII.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

CHAPTER I.

JUSTIN IS MADE HAPPY

They left the poor dead body in its last bed; there was nothing more to be done for it. But the living, the living! The tidings flew. Haste ye, oh. haste! Seven days and nights! Can he last but one more hour? We will save him yet!

To the Arsenal then for a squad of riggers, dockyard mateys, handiest of mankind: for shears and block-tackle, for two mule-loads of three-quarterinch sennet and away to Mediterranean Battery!

Young Chisholm volunteered for the service; nay, would take no denial. Older men suggested a sailor, but the lad upon the spot had his way.

"Gin the tow iss soond I'll not be caring a boddle. Ou, ay, 'tis juist naething ava; mony's the time I've recovered sheep frae desks in Skillacorrie. 'Twill be a morn's pleesure for a Hielan'man. Pay oot, there; and mind the check-line, Travis!"

But it was an awesome, shivery business, and of necessity tediously slow. The iron-nerved young mountaineer, his bottle of milk-and-brandy strapped under his arm, swung and clung and was lost to sight, and the in-

terminable rope was paid out and out to an endless tenuity of small quivering cord.

Many gallant deeds were done in the course of the four years' siege, but none took men's imagination more than this feat of cragsmanship. Others fought as soldiers fight, some better, some worse, a few supremely well; but this was hors de règle. Those who watched said that at times he clung like a bat to a wall, and at others crawled like an ant, or hung spinning in the wind like a spider.

Far below, three hundred and fifty feet above the sea and four hundred below the parapet of the battery, a human figure stood stiffly upon its ledgé, more like a statue in its niche than a thing of flesh and blood; foodless, waterless for a week past, save for Thursday's rain, and (think of this) knowing nothing of the means taken for its relief.

"I had to seek oot ma man first," said Chisholm afterwards, "and that wass nane sae easy, sirs; for there iss a wheen desks down yonder, I can tell An' you Scorpion chiel in his boatie below was none sae dee-finite in his signalling as I could ha'e wushed, ye mind. Ou, ay; an' when I spied ma

man it wass nane sae easy to reach An' the risk o' lossing him at the last. I kenned well that it wass upo' the cairts that he micht slip through ma fingers at the feenish, as mony a sheep has dune. Ye creep, ye spik the douce word, and-hey!-the puir silly beastie has moved and is ower the brink and gane for iver! But the Colonel iss a man, sirs! He wass far gane, nae doot, but his mind was his ain. His lips were moving, juist a whesper, nae mair. "I-will not," he wass sayin', meaning, as I take it, that he would not end the maitter by taking It wass grand. Wow! his ain life. but there iss naething like resisting the teffle!"

With infinite care they got him up light enough he was, a mummy, a thing of sun-dried skin and bone, kept together, as it were, by its bleached and ragged uniform, but alive.

The stretcher-party bore him to his quarters; the whole garrison was moved: in the little Spanish house two women embraced one another with wild sobbing and laughter.

But the regimental surgeon shook his head. "And oh, tell me of your charity, my dear Mr. Cairneross, what is the treatment in a case like this." The man addressed, surgeon of the 73rd, a person of large experience, rubbed a grizzled chin. "Slops, my friend, and—after that what ye will, for I defy ye to kill your man. What! Cannot ye see that he has made up his mind to live?"

The man had made up his mind to live, and there was no more to be said about it. There are men who are practically unkillable. Every house-surgeon knows the type. A batch of deplorable objects is brought in from an explosion, say, or from a fire; some collapse at once, bulky men of fine physique these, not by any means the worst cases, surgically considered, but there is something wanting in their or-

ganizations: they are susceptible to shock, and there is nothing to be done for them. Others die as the days and weeks go on: they are badly hurt, no doubt, if not so badly hurt as the worst; but their will-power relaxes, they cease to struggle, and after that neither surgery nor nursing can put into them what is not there. there are others, the one or the two, possibly the worst hurt of all, cases which, according to the books, have no right to live, cannot live, indeed, but who lie there for weeks muffled from head to foot in cotton-wool, calcined cinders of humanity, cracking their jokes with the sister and the surgeon until Death grows tired of waiting for them, and they pull through by dint of their own inherent vitality.

The Colonel was of this type, sound, wiry, tenacious; his doctor presently recognized that he had in him an excellent subject, and one whom it paid better to humor than to cross. Thus, when he asked for this one, or that, 'twas wisdom to allow him his visitor.

His Excellency the Governor must come, must hear from feebly moving lips the true and particular story of how this man had come to be where he was, the history of those bullet-holes in the cloth, and the rest of it. cap figured large in the recital. When blown from his head by poor Boyle's would-be murderous shot it had fallen into a bush some twelve feet below the parapet, and had seemed so temptingly near and accessible that its owner must needs essay recovery. When almost in hand the thing had detached itself and fallen farther, and whilst he had leaned over to watch its fall, some twig or stone had given, and he himself had gone sliding, and catching, and sliding down the face, bringing up at length in a mass of prickly dwarf palm, scratched but uninjured, but in a position from which there was no exit upward. Thence he had followed the

ledges and crevices downwards for hours, until, exhausted by heat and thirst, some false movement, resulting in a second slip and scramble, had deposited him standing upon a ledge so narrow that movement in any direction was out of the question. The rest of the story of one hundred and seventy hours of barely endurable anguish, weariness; thirst, hunger, baked through by the sun all day, chilled to the bone all night, he had held to his resolution and seen it out.

His Excellency listened and nodded: he was one of those great spirits who are never in a hurry, and have always time upon their hands for a kind and thoughtful action. This was the man who, later in the siege, visited the bedside of a wounded prisoner for no other purpose than to induce the poor, broken-hearted fellow to submit to amputation, and succeeded.

"Colonel, I wish ye a good-day, and shall hope to see ye again. My courtmartial did no more than substantial justice, for your enemy was a murderer in intention, if not in fact."

There were other visitors to the bedside, and it was whilst in attendance there that young Chisholm, for whom the very stars in their courses would seem to have been fighting, sustained his second set-back.

His first had been the disconcerting discovery that the marriage repudiated by Boyle had been performed by an ordained clergyman and was valid. This information had been given him by Travis, ostensibly in a moment of brotherly confidence, but with the unexpressed purpose of forestalling complications.

The death of Boyle having removed this impediment, Chisholm had hoped that by allowing a reasonable time for the girl's mind to resettle after the shock, and to turn gradually toward himself, he would best attain his end.

"The leddy is puir, and so's masel':

wow; but there'll be gey quick promotion for some of us before lang. What if I ausk the Colonel to pairmet a betrothal? I wad wait for my company before marrying if they wad consent to nae better."

Thus musing, and awaiting his friend's more complete restoration to lay his request before him, it was at the bed-side itself, and from the feebly muttering lips of the half-slumbering convalescent (still a living skeleton and of an infantile weakness) that the lad learned the unwelcome news of his lady's fortune.

"Dray, my boy," whispered the sick man, mistaking his visitor for his ward. "Ye need not keep it from your sister any longer. . . She's rich, and may just as well know it. . . . Twenty thousand pounds. . . . Her husband, poor fellow, will never claim marital rights now. . . . Some fortune-hunters in the garrison may give us trouble; there are plenty of needy men in the messes; but her own good sense and ourselves can see to that; eh, Dray?"

"Yes, sir, pairfeckly," muttered poor Chisholm, and watched the Colonel drop asleep comforted with having got off his mind what had been troubling him, leaving his visitor gnawing a tortured lip.

"'Tis not my faither's son that will be miscalled fortune-hunter to the face of him twice, whateffer! Twenty thoosan' poonds English! Oh, it cows! How is a puir Scots shentleman to gang coortin' sic a leddy? Hoo can I set a puir nief o' thin shilling (a gulpin, nae mair) against twenty thoosan' poonds English? There's nane wull believe I want her for hersel'. I'll be the byword o' the messes, a beggarly adventurer, a mercenary fortune-hunter!"

And so it befell that when Sue would willingly have seen more of her friend, and was wanting to hear from his own lips the thrilling tale of his two hours at the tow's end (a feat which had made men's heads swim to think of), the poor, proud lover gravely and shyly held aloof.

Nor were opportunities for distinguishing himself forthcoming (he underrated the impression made by his rescue: in his own eyes it was not War, and War alone counted). Spain, content with having stopped the cattleships, had laid her plans for a blockade; there would be no assault.

Meanwhile, unaware of the distress which he had caused to a lad for whom he entertained the warmest admiration and would have gone far to serve, the patient was gaining in strength daily. Susan, of course, must see him, and with Susan came Julia Hollinghurst, a-tremble with hard-curbed feeling. If no mutual understanding was come to, at least the interview improved the patient's spirits and was repeated. ladies were often with him; he was pronounced out of danger; his ultimate recovery was certain; each day registered an advance, and other visitors were admitted,

Célestin Mistral came, by request of the patient, hardly by permission of the doctor, but the Colonel was now mending so fast, and making flesh so rapidly, as to have practically resumed command of his room. He was impatiently watching the door; the lean, lightly-stepping Catalan entered silently, and took his stand at the foot of the bed, making the graceful, self-respecting salutation of his nation to the señor and the ladies, Mrs. Hollinghurst and Sue, seated one upon either side of the bed's head, the former somewhat behind it.

"My man (Mistral is your name, they tell me), I am truly glad to see you again. Never, I think, was I so glad to see any one as when I saw you below me that morning. What?—three weeks ago, is it?"

"Three weeks and two days, my colonel. \ I haf the honor to offer you, and these ladies, my congratulations, ah!—from the heart, senor!"

"I am obliged to you, my man. I have sent for you, Mistral, to thank ye. If ever living man owed thanks to another they are due from me to you. And now comes my difficulty. I can never repay ye what I owe; but my heart will not be at rest unless ye allow me to make sure that ye join in my happiness. This little purse—"

"Señor-my colonel," exclaimed the fisherman, making a half-step back, and withdrawing the hand which he had instinctively extended in response to the first movement of Justin's, "that cannot be. What I did I did I am paid, yes, señor, overfor hire. paid already. The good God does not bless the fishing of those who are paid twice. The señora-Your pardon. señora! ah, what have I said?" stopped, hesitating at the hand which Mrs. Hollinghurst had lifted in warn-Justin, who had not been ining. tended to see the signal, but who had seen it reflected in a wall-glass behind the Catalan, turned his head towards the lady, but she had hastily risen, and had left the room.

"Ah, señor, is it that I, then, have done wrong? Have they not told you? When I ventured I did it at the lady's bidding. 'Recover the señor's body,' she said. Yes, two hundred dollars for the señor's body, or a thousand for him living! And since, by the grace of God, you are alive, the bounteous señora who has just left the room has paid me the reward promised. How, then, shall I accept money from your hand, my colonel?"

"She engaged you to search, and has paid you for finding, and has kept it from me? She did all this. Here, man, take this purse for your news. Let me touch your hand, my friend, so! And now I will bid good-day t'ye. To

our better acquaintance when I am about again. . . . Sue, where is fetch her. at once-at once, Sue."

The girl sped light-heeled, radiant as ye, sir!" with anticipation, not a thought in her heart of her own part in the matter, which to another might have seemed For the boat-expedition overlooked. and the race she had been thanked already and abundantly. What more wanted she? Her success was in itself an overflowing reward. After all, the Catalan was Julia's discovery (her own intervention came second). Let Julia be crowned for the feat. "Julia! he wants you; he is calling for you; he said-"

Justin heard the soft frou-frou of woman's dress, and the gentle closing of the door behind the screen. "Ye sent for me, Colonel." Mrs. Hollinghurst was beside him, a woman softly bright, the right nurse aspect, inwardly tense to the breaking point.

"Madam, what is this? The man Mistral tells me-"

"Sir, ye must not excite yourselfthe doctor-"

"Be hanged to him! I am a well man this minute, ma'am! Answer me. Is it to you-to you that I owe my worthless life?"

Her mouth was all a-quiver, her eyes swam in happy tears.

"Then, Julia, 'tis yours, if ye will have it. I had hoped-I had thought to say this when I was up and out again, when I was sure of-of my strength. It seems such a poor thing to offer, a man upon his back; in the ward, too; but such as he is, such as ye have made him, ma'am-"

The woman was already upon her knees beside the bed, her face hid in the coverlit, weeping passionate tears of joy. The bed stirred under her. Her small right hand lay just beyond his reach, he wrought to reach it. caught

and held it, "May I keep it?" "'Tis yours, sir, long since. Mrs. Hollinghurst? Get her here- ye not save it? Oh, Wade, Wade, Yes, ye may say I need her think well what ye are doing. I am the poorest creature; no match for such

CHAPTER IL.

A FORLORN BOPE.

And now, if I did my duty, or consulted by own inclination, I should introduce a discursus upon Human Action considered as the Resultant of cooperant and antagonistic forces. won't; but will confess to laying the pen down with a sigh, thinking what one of the Great Names of my craft would have made of such an opportunity in the unburried days wherein an author wrote to please himself, whilst his public-a leisured and discriminating public it must have been-took thankfully from his hand what he considered to be best for it.

Come to think of it, the most trivial, as the most conspicuous of our resolutions and performances, are due to the push-and-pull of people of whom we know very little, or possibly nothing. It is so with Earth's greatest; a Napoleon is dragged willy-nilly to Moscow by the necessities of a false position, fights his Leipsig on compulsion, and is stranded upon St. Helena by a series of fatuous mistakes (his own and other people's) arising from defective information, imperfect apprehension, stupidity, and the nature of things.

In a word, we none of us stand alone. Here, in this my story, but just out of focus, are crowds of worthy folk, surly German foot-soldiery, silent Quaker seamen, each man of them living his own life and conceiving of himself as the centre of the universe, the ages having been expended in bringing just himself to the birth, and all human circumstance revolving around his five-feet-nine of warm, sentient,

esurient humanity. I would realize every man of them all to you, but who is sufficient for these things? Who of us can even depict a crowd? Yet they are very far from lay figures, these living, breathing, fellow-men; and all through this story, unknown to themselves and to us, they have been influencing its action, and now, for once, the deflection of a principal character is obviously due to their repulsion.

The officers' mess of Lord M'Leod's regiment was quite human; its individual members were subject to the infirmity of petty jealousy, for instance, as our young friend Chisholm was made aware. To his brother ensigns, and to the captains above them in rank, there seemed of late to have been just a little too much Chisholm. To these gentlemen, every man of whom was poor and keen, their fellow-subaltern's luck in holding the centre of the stage was an offence. This hawknosed, red-faced lad with the unflinching eyes, who had silently forereached upon the other subalterns, and was said to be known by sight to His Excellency the Governor himself, must needs have been regarded askance by envious captains who asked for nothing but fair play and the chances of service. and could see favoritism in a change of weather. In such presence young John must walk warily: he would have been snubbed had he given his rivals an opportunity.

To our dispassionate view theirs is ridiculous. What had he done? His evidence had cost a (comparatively) innocent man his life; his skill and nerve had saved a doomed man from death: the feats might be held to cancel one another, but both were the talk of the Rock, and at a time when there was nothing else to discuss.

The youth's accomplishments laid him under suspicion, and his personality, simple as it seems to us, was an enigma to his comrades. "Had he nae the English?" We were hardly aware of it, but the blend of Lowland Scotch that is spoken at Perth (where Chisholm had spent a year in learning it), complicated by constructions and transpositions natural to a man who still dreamed in the Gaelic, was erudition to the Mackays, Mackenzies, Sutherlands, and Gunns, who still thought in the tongue which our first parents used in Paradise, and were slowly and painfully acquiring a bowing acquaintance with the language of the book of military regulations. To them his fluency was phenomenal; they credited him with the gift of tongues (to do him justice, the lad had facility, and had improved his opportunities; was he not at work at his Moghrebi "curly-whirlies"?).

But this was not the worst. The fellow was too lucky to be popular. Alone of his mess he had lady friends. This favored youngster had the entrée of the little Spanish house in Prince Frederic Street; he was a persona grata to Mrs. Hollinghurst, whose reputation for opulence had not diminished in its passage from mouth to mouth, and now included the lady's fellow guest. With this lady he had made the passage out; did he not cultivate the friendship of the lady's brother—had he not put her guardian under an obligation?

The inference was too obvious to dispute; yet the ridiculous fellow did dispute it, and, upon an occasion, when greatly pushed, had sworn hotly that he had neither prospect nor expectation of marriage, and that as to the jocularities and innuendos of gentlemen whose rank and the regulations prevented him from replying to them as he would have preferred to do, he begged them to believe once for all that the person at whom he understood them to be aimed, whose name should on no account pass his lips, was just as poor as himself.

After such a declaration by a lover

in such company the discovery of his lady's fortune was a sore blow. He raged under it, silently, for there was not a soul to whom he could confide his trouble. Fate, whilst removing one stumbling-block from his path, had maliciously replaced it by another. "Fortune-hunter," the Colonel had called him: unconsciously, no doubt, and by implication merely, but the word had gone home, and the wound to his pride And what would his mess rankled. think, and say, if close upon the heels of his passionate repudiation he announced his betrothal to a lady of fortune whose means he had so singularly depreciated during his courtship?

These were the men with whom he must spend the next few years of his life; there is no escape from one's mess in a besieged garrison; no selling out; no exchange; nor, in his case, any opportunities for the service to which he looked forward—some desperate feat, some forlorn hope which might set his sword in the scale against his lady's guineas.

No, there was (as it seemed) to be no But there would be scurvy. fighting. It had already appeared, and would Fresh food the garsoon be epidemic. rison must have; but whence was it to The fleet? The fleet be obtained? having careened and cleaned ship, had sailed for Home, where it would arrive in time to be cooped up at Spithead for the rest of the summer, relinquishing the Channel to the combined armadas of France and Spain, which swept our flag from the home seas and threatened us with invasion. A grievous time for England: her senior service was not at its brightest; there was slackness, petulance, want of enterprise and absence of co-operation all round. English commanders were content with cannonades at long range, and complicated and tedious evolutions in which French seamanship scored, leaving us

the sere laurels of indecisive engagements, such as that off Brest. After months of this sort of thing, the admifals would quarrel and come home complaining that their subordinates could not be depended upon to see the signal for close fighting. Our best man, Rodney, crippled by gout and debt, was hiding from his creditors in Paris. The day of Nelson I and his band of heroic brethren, ready to dare all, and to second one another to the uttermost, was still afar.

Gibraltar was left to its own resources; scarcity was staring the Governor in the face; there would be deaths from sheer privation presently. But one thing at a time. How was he to combat this new enemy, scurvy?

And in the very nick, a brig flying English colors came up under reefed topsails before a Levanter, dipping her dolphin-striker at every plunge, for all she rode so high and was so crank. Round the Point she came, close inshore, and made her way in quiet water to the Arsenal.

It was the Mary of Yarmouth back from Port Mahon with a cargo of—what think you?—lemons, my friend! and, by God's grace, Spanish onions!—commodities priceless at that juncture, which her Quaker skipper was, as appeared, willing to sell at something less than the famine prices which the absurd fellow might have asked and taken.

The good soul went to pay his respects to "Miss Susan, ma'am," bringing a present of grapes and pomegranates; saw the Colonel, heard the news; saw "Mister Chis'sm," and, deeply pondering, went abroad again dissatisfied. Sue returned his call, as did her lover, but they did not call upon the same day, and there were a forced gaiety and a restlessness in the manner of both: Furley prayed and pondered.

Then a penniless lieutenant of twenty-one and an unknown quantity.

And still the lover held aloof from his love, punishing himself and her. How that sweet little face pursued him with its aspect of mute wonder, sad, puzzled, not yet reproachful, but with a dawning consciousness of unmerited suffering in its eyes! How every trait of it appealed to him, the low broad brow, the full, sweet mouth with its small, gray, mouse-ear mole beside the upper lip! Ah, but it maddened him, this vile misery of being poor and proud.

And again Chisholm came aboard and sate in a pit of dour silence, from which his old friend would in no wise help him out; and as they sate, discoursing at whiles of trivialities, the threat of half rations, the rumor that the Channel blockade had been raised. and that the White Lappel had plucked up heart again to see the back of the Wight, the prospects of an autumn convoy, and (mark this, an' it please ye) the price of beef, the men's eyes met. Which spoke first? Did the flint strike fire from the steel, or the steel from the flint? In a dozen sentences the thing was broached, accepted, and planned. The men arose, holding one another's hands.

"B'Gawd, Master Chis'sm, yew'r a man!"

"By Cot, Maister Furley, ye are anither!"

The Governor glanced up as his visitors were announced, and laid down the lemon which he was sucking: his eye twinkled. "I have to thank ye for this, Mr. Furley. What is your will?"

Of Chisholm the great man took no direct notice, but the Ensign felt his commander's eye upon him, and knew that he was known.

It was Furley, his woollen nightcap still upon his head. Quaker-fashion, who plunged straight into business.

"Friend, Eliott, yew've run out o' beef. It sorter sim'd to me, and my young friend hare, as how we might goo and git ye some."

"Ho?" remarked the Governor, "is that it? I appreciate your good intents, but things have worsened since ye cleared for Mahon, sir. Ye come too late. Tangier and Tetuan and the other cattle-ports are closed to us."

"But the Riff Coast be much as usual, friend."

"The pirate coast? We have never traded thither: nor have we an agent."

"Mebbe. But we reckons as how we could find ye one. Sims the Sultan o' Barbary be a bit upset with ye; but he be allus upset with they Riffians. Time he were friendly they boarded us; now he's contrary we reckons to find 'em well-dispoged. D'ye see?"

The Governor stared. "They are masterless savages: so much we all know. What more do ye know about them? Ah, I remember, ye did some of them an excellent good turn. Which reminds me, Mr. Furley, that I miscalled ye once, for which, knowing ye better, I have since been sorry."

"'God A'mighty's Jackass,' was it? What o' that? Not a mossel o' harm in the word, friend Eliott; fact, I took it for praise. Come to think on't, an ass were the only thing as my Saviour ever said He had need of. . . Yes; as to them Moors, we did 'em as we'd be done by, and naterally ain't afeared to look 'em in the face next time as we meets 'em. But, friend, we've another anchor out to winnard, my young friend Chis's'm hare," turning to the subaltern. "Spik up tew'm, bor!"

The lad saluted, and stood ready to explain his proposals upon permission granted. His General looked him over.

"Ha, my dragoman extraordinary! Still at your Moghrebi?"

"I am, your Excellency; it passes the time. But in this business I am na leaning upon my puir skill in a deeficult language." "And what plan is this of yours, Mr. Chisholm?" The Governor's eye was kind and encouraging: it was thus he won the men who backed him through.

"Sir, there iss a laddie wha works for the Catalans roon' at the Eastern Face, wha I haf foregaithered wi'. He He swam ashore from the iss a Moor. yuarda costa that ventured in too close on the morn of the execution, and wass sunk by a shot from the masked bat-Noo, sir, by God's grace the lad is ane of Maister Furley's seven guests. He thinks a' the warl' of Maister Fur-He says that Maister Furley's day's wark iss the talk o' the Riff Coast, and that we wad be feasted there. Ou, ay, I ken weel that we maunna pit muckle faith in a heathen Moor, forbye, he wass a slave when he escapit, for the Kaid had brent his village and the Spaniards to him Ceuta, and naturally he will sing a guid sang to win hame ance mair."

"And knowing all this?" queried the Governor. The lad nodded.

"Ou, ay. There's a pickle resks aboot the job, but sae there is in the fechtin'---"

"Or in rope-work on the face of a cliff, young sir! . . . But this may mean slavery. If ye get into the hands of the Riff Moors I know not how I may get ye out. Well, on with your tale. I am all attention."

"Sir, the laddie professes that his faither is a shiek, and that his people have never a market for their kye. I wad trust him. I haf taken the bread and the salt wi' him efter the Eastern manner, and wad make bluid-britherhood too, gin ye gif me leave to gang wi' him."

Eliott nodded gravely once or twice, and deliberately took snuff. "I commend your ingenuity, sir, and your zeal. The risk is such that unless I was sorely in need of meat I would not risk

plack nor boddle upon the quest, let alone a brisk young Scots officer. But if I am to hold this place, beef I must have, nor can I await the pleasure of the King's navy, which seems to be busy elsewhere.

"I could give your captain letters of marque and lend him armament. How many guns, sir?" turning to Furley, who bristled almost fiercely.

"Not a pop-gun; not a pistol. God forbid! them's our prencipyles, sir, and them's our safety tew. Doon'tye see as we gooes tew them there Moors as Friends? 'Sheep in the midst o' wolves' (Matthew ten, sixteen). We got tew be wise as sarpints and harmless as doves. If so be as they entreats us kindly and is willin' tew trade beef, why, we trades. If so be as they rounds on us and takes us, why, we're took."

The Governor nodded more gravely, repressing, as we may suppose, fresh references to inspired jackasses. "And your company, are they agreeable?" he asked.

"Wholly agreeable—or thereabouts. Thee see we bin and formed ourselves intew a Preparative Meetin' (I've a fancy to dew the thing shipshape), and I lain my consarn afore 'em."

"You mean you voted upon it?" asked the Governor, inwardly tickled at the idea.

"Gawd forbid, friend! That ain't our way-the way o' Friends. We set tew and considered it. Some sez one thing and some anawther, and I, bein' clerk, took the weight of the Meetin' to be for liberatin' me for the sarvice. Tew or three of 'em was for appealin' to the Monthly Meeting, what sits in London, or for resignin' membership; but when I lain it down as how they was free to appeal, and free to resign. but must work my ship meantime, they soon toes the line. 'Tis our Friends' way, and a good way tew; no votin', no disputin', no hollerin', no argerin' nevther, but jest the gentle leadin's o' the Holy Sperrit."

The Governor turned to his fellowcountryman. "You understand him,

Mr. Chisholm? "Tis Grick to me!"

"He means he juist set his fut doun,
sir. Ou, ay, ye may trust him."

Ashton Hilliers.

(To be continued.)

THE SEINE IN FLOOD.

At ten minutes to eleven on the morning of Friday, January 21, 1910, almost the very hour at which on another January 21 Louis XVI mounted the scaffold, the power station from which all the public clocks of Paris are worked by compressed air was flooded by the Seine: all the clocks stopped simultaneously with military exactitude, and with a start of surprise Parisians began to realize that the Seine in flood was not a harmless spectacle that could be watched with the cheerful calm of philosophic detachment, and that the river in revolt was an enemy to be feared even by the most civilized city in Europe. Crowds, it is true, had gathered on the embankments, admiring the headlong rush of the silent yellow river that carried with it logs and barrels, broken furniture, the carcases of animals, and perhaps sometimes a corpse, all racing madly to the sea: they had watched cranes, great piles of stones, and the roofs of sheds emerge for a time from the flooded wharves and then vanish in the swirl of the rising water, while barges and pontoons generally hidden from sight far below, rose gradually above the level of the streets, notably one great two-storied bathing barge, a vision of unsuspected hideousness, that threatened at any moment, triply moored as it was, to crash into the parapet. But it was in the order of things that wharves should be flooded; it was sad that the little suburban towns by the river should be swamped, but these incidents could be regarded with altruistic sympathy. The

stopping of clocks, however, and the irritating obsession of "onze heures moins dix" which confronted the Parisian from every street and café clock was something new and alarming; with its suggestion that time had stopped dead at the most ill-chosen of moments, this petty but perpetually repeated annoyance was the symbol of all the manifold inconveniences wrought by the disorganization of trams and 'buses, the bursting of drains, and the swamping of houses, and perhaps none of them was more demoralizing.

By the time that Paris woke up to the fact that it was war with water, the most evasive and insidious of enemies, the Seine had made the low-lying suburbs its own. From visits to outlying districts I retain a vague impression of thick black slime, abject shivering misery, and great lakes of yellow water, with here and there the upper story of a house rising like an island from the desolate waste. From the Ile de la Grande Jatte, where the little restaurants were six feet deep in water, I watched a rescue party row back with difficulty across the river. They had saved a few pathetic sticks of furniture and a great mattress which, as its owner with exultation pointed out to the sympathetic crowd, was perfectly dry. A covered cart was in waiting, but the inside was already full, and the mattress was hoisted on to Alas for the vanity of huthe roof. man exultation! Hardly had it been tied in place when a storm of torrential

rain swept down and drenched the mattress and its poor despairing owner as thoroughly as though they had fallen in the Seine. All the time the Seine was rising remorselessly, and those whose houses were threatened gathered along the banks in the rain watching the river with the silence of utter dejection, though some of the braver spirits were building walls of masonry across their thresholds, walls over which a few hours later the river had risen.

At Bercy, within the fortifications, the quay was under water. The scene was indescribably desolate; a long row of cheerless houses three feet deep in water, as far as the eye could see; a double row of lighted gas-lamps burning pale and absurd in the gray daylight, because the flood had made it impossible to extinguish them; a punt conveying a workman to his flooded home, poled slowly along by two policemen, and bumping monotonously against the poplars and sunken railings; two soldiers on a flimsy raft that the most destitute of mariners would have scorned, steering an erratic course as one of them paddled desperately with a tin pan; and only one bright From the sixth story of one of the beleaguered houses a scarlet duster shaken by some careful housewife waved defiance to the river.

A day or two later and the Seine was working havoc in the very heart of On the left bank the defences were weakened by the low-level railway lines running from the great Orleans terminus of the Quai d'Orsay to the Austerlitz station, and from the Esplanade des Invalides to the Auteuil viaduct. The whole length of these lines was flooded twenty feet deep. The Seine actually flowed through the Orsay terminus as the water poured on to the line higher up the river and then fell back into the Seine through the ventilation shafts of the station, which looked for all the world like a swim-

ming bath. Only the iron gallery, on a level with the entrance from the road, was left unsubmerged; the central depth had been converted into a huge tank of muddy water, while the sightseer looked vainly for the engines and carriages that lay drowned beneath. The unfinished works of the Metropolitan railway running from north to south had been converted into a subterranean river at right angles to the Seine two miles long, and were flooding squares and streets a mile away near the St. Lazare Station. On the right bank the river was threatening to overflow the embankments, and the problem of defence became a difficult one; for the damage done by the inundation of the Saint Germain quarter by the water from the Orsay station, and of many streets in the central districts by percolation, would have been nothing to the havoc that would have been wrought by the direct sweep of the Seine over the embankments on the right bank. One of the difficulties of the situation was the Pont de l'Alma, which, with its low arches, was almost submerged, and held back in the centre of Paris great masses of water that threatened to sweep over the quays.

One evening while the river was still rising, the last of the traditional Boulevard cafés where the foreign tourist is still regarded as an interloper was filled with its usual crowd of habitués; mostly journalists or literary men, they all knew one another at least by sight, and conversation went on merrily at the little tables despite the stifling atmosphere, while an eccentric band jerked out the latest tunes that had come down from Montmartre. The only topic of conversation was the flood; and it was discussed with the true Parisian air of persiflage and detachment, though some of the wildest jesters would have later in the evening to take boats to reach their homes. no one knew how or whence, a rumor

ran through the café that the central span of the Pont de l'Alma had been blown up to allow the river to pass more freely. Everyone there seemed to learn it at the same instant from some invisible agency, and for a few seconds there was a silence that suggested dis-A journalist hurriedly gulped may. down the coffee that had been standing for the last hour before him, paid the waiter, and rushed out into the snowy night. Then the band struck up a new tune and the buzz of conversation burst out anew; the tone was the same, but the gaiety was rather forced, and witticisms at the expense of the Pout de l'Alma fell flat, for every true Parisian felt that a little piece of his beloved city had perished.

The rumor was a false one, and the Pont de l'Alma was still standing sturdily as ever against the flood. On the approaches to the bridge a whispering crowd had gathered waiting to see how dynamite and the river would work its destruction, or failing that strong sensation, curious as to what would happen when the river reached the keystone of the highest span. The bridge was closed to the public, but for the privileged observer whom the police officer in charge allowed to pass with a whispered "A vos propres risques et périls-méfiez-vous!" the scene was terrible and splendid.

Standing over the central span of the deserted bridge I watched that night the yellow river, too turbid to reflect the scattered lights on the half-submerged embankments, as it swept down "too full for sound or foam" between the snow-covered barges and pontoons. The Seine was silent, absolutely silent, but the impression of irresistible might and headlong speed gave its silence the quality of a song of triumph, the triumph of a malignant deity over the works of man. The stillness was only broken by the continuous boom of the driftwood as it night the water was steadily creeping

struck the masonry beneath with a sound like distant musketry. At a little distance the river seemed higher than the keystone, though there was a foot or two to spare, and as it rushed on its waters were sucked down through the arches into an unfathomable gulf. In the wicked yellow light that proceeded mysteriously from the river itself the colossal stone soldiers of the Second Empire that guard the piers of the Pont de l'Alma, shoulderdeep in the angry river, their caps white with snow, stood motionless at their posts as befitted veterans of the Crimea, and bore up with heroic indifference great masses of driftwood which swayed uneasily in the current.

Down the river one realized that the Boulevards themselves, with their brilliance and gaiety, their rich shops, cafés, and theatres, were almost within the river's reach; there were only a few sandbags and a plank or two between the Boulevardier sipping his coffee in the café half a mile away, and cold, foul water, which, though it had not yet swept over the earthworks of defence, was finding its treacherous way through hidden channels into the best-defended quarters of the town. flooding basements and cellars, tearing up drains and electric cables, and working mischief with all the malicious caprice of Nature uncontrolled.

Up the Seine on the right bank men were working for dear life by the light of naphtha flares to raise the earthworks along the parapet of the embankment. The Quai de la Conférence and the fashionable avenue of Cours-la-Reine were deep in water, but a thin line of sandbags backed here and there by wooden screens still kept back the surface flood. As the river rose, and it rose eventually over five feet above the level of the embankment, the military engineers raised the height of the barrier, which was half a mile long. That

higher and higher, while a civil engineer, mud-bespattered, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, was standing on the corner of the sandbag bastion by the Pont de la Concorde and measuring its ad-He turned to a stranger bevance. "The river is still side him and said: rising as fast as ever. If the barrier goes, five feet of water will sweep across the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevards-over everywhere," added with an expressive gesture, "until it meets the flood that the Metropolitan is pouring out round the Saint Lazare Station." Then abruptly he turned to a non-commissioned officer awaiting orders behind him, "Give me another tier of sandbags." were hoarsely shouted, and a crowd of little black figures, each shouldering a sandbag, swarmed like ants along the narrow earthwork, on the one side a few inches above the river, on the other a foot or so above the flood that lay deep on the embankment and on the Avenue of Cours-la-Reine. Weary as they were after three days' unceasing toil, each man swung his sandbag into its place with a will, and burst into a soldiers' chorus that sounded strangely merry amid the desolation around.

That night the Quai du Louvre was barred off by the police, and a silent crowd gathered at the barrier though nothing could be seen, anxious for the safety of the collections that are the pride of France. In the mist the Seine seemed as broad as the Rhine at Cologne, and the eye of fancy could descry Notre Dame between two raging floods, splendid and fearless in the majesty of its builders' faith. At this point the river flows beneath the Pont des Arts, and as its water poured through the iron supports of the bridge it made the little rippling noise of a hundred small cascades, a sound like malicious laughter even more terrible than its silence.

The roadway along the southern facade of the Louvre was all uneven with the pressure of the overflowing drains beneath it, as though an earthquake had passed, and it sagged down suddenly just beneath the balcony of the splendid Jean-Goujon door. Here. out of sight of the anxious crowd, there was a scene of feverish activity. Men were tearing up cobbles from the road and building a rough wall across a gap in the parapet, where a flight of steps goes down to the river. There was need of haste; for the water that looked black and stagnant in the glare of the naphtha flares was creeping up apace and licking the lowest tier of cobbles. Others were recklessly digging great holes in the footpath between the poplars, and ramming the earth into bags, or nailing together great pieces of driftwood, fished from the river, to form a screen behind the sandbags on the parapet and hold them against the pressure of the current, while carts kept rumbling in and unloading piles of stone and rubble against the wall and screen. I glanced over the screen that reached my chin, expecting to see the river five feet or so below me, and drew back with a start of alarm when I saw the gleam of water above the stone parapet and realized that it was only held back by the flimsy barrier. A few hours later and the river would have won; all the basements of the Louvre would have been flooded, and the water would have carried ruin across the Rue de Rivoli and the Palais Royal.

It was no wonder that a sense of impending disaster hung over Paris; yet there was much in the situation that was simply comic. The special envoys of the King of the Belgians, invited to a lunch at the Foreign Office, were carried there in a large flat-bottomed boat poled by a couple of watermen. Naval boats of the collapsible Berthon pattern were to be seen on

wagons in the Avenue de l'Opéra, while bare-footed sailors splashed contentedly in the lake opposite the Saint Lazare Station. At the time the incongruity of these things was scarcely realized.

Bridge after bridge was closed to the public as great masses of driftwood that could not be dislodged formed against them, until at one moment traffic was forbidden over all the nine bridges that lie between the Pont Neuf and the Pont de Grenelle. carts, and every kind of vehicle concentrated in the unflooded streets, were blocked into a solid mass that surpassed the wildest nightmares of congested traffic. Part of the Place de l'Opéra began to collapse, and a cab might take two hours to get from the Opera to the Madeleine, five minutes' An unreasoning panic seized walk. the cabmen and chauffeurs; they were possessed with the fixed idea that no bridge across the Seine was safe, and no bribe would persuade them to cross the river; while they refused to take fares for even the shortest distance. Men left their homes dry-shod in the morning, and returning from business had to wade up to their knees through unlighted streets or creep perilously along a narrow plank gangway, only to find that it stopped short just where the water was deepest. One evening I was walking down a street which a few hours before had been thick with traffic. A single cart passed down beside me, and at once, without the slightest warning, the road began to undulate; the next minute I was in water up to the knees, and one wheel of the cart had sunk through the wood pavement up to the axle. Once wet, I plodded on through the water and in the darkness blundered against a plank which formed part of a trestle bridge some five feet from the ground; then, climbing up, found myself at a perilous elevation on two exceedingly nar-

row planks. After cautiously venturing forward some little way, a woman's shriek sounded so close to me that I almost lost my balance. Then in the obscurity a long row of black figures was discernible all on the bridge and coming in the opposite direction to I succeeded in helping the myself. young woman who had shrieked to pass me; then an elderly business man slipped between the two planks at my feet, and was hauled up with difficulty; then finally there was a crack, a plank broke, and some unfortunate person fell flat on his face in two feet of filthy water. At last, somehow or other, I reached higher ground, and found a pathetic group of men and women, lighted by a policeman's lantern, waiting to take their turn on the remains of the gangway. They were returning to their homes in the street which had been flooded since they went out.

On Saturday, January 29, Paris awoke to a bright sunny morning and the end of its nightmare. Early in the morning crowds gathered along the embankment, no longer murmuring in melancholy chorus, "Ca monte, ca monte," but laughing and chattering as they watched with uproarious satisfaction the broadening of the thin dark line which showed that the Seine was no longer rising or stationary but slowly falling. Sunshine restored, even in the flooded quarters, the true Parisian gaiety that had for a time been overclouded with a terrible sense of powerlessness and insecurity. flooded streets were bright and gay in the sunlight, as boats plied to and fro, carrying men and women to their work. Everyone was good-humored, and even a portly business man swarming down a rope from a first-story window into a police-boat, while his wife and children watched his gymnastic prowess with undisguised horror, was laughing heartily, and fully conscious of the humor of the situation. Throughout the

day crowds flocked to all the quarters that the river had attacked. To make the scene more gay, soldiers were everywhere, standing on guard at dangerous points or gathered round fires of woodpaving blocks and drinking coffee or hot wine. Everyone had an air of triumph; for the Seine had at last confessed itself defeated, and it only remained for Paris to show once more its superiority to disaster. In almost every street between Montmartre and the river pumps were hard at work; encouragement came from the news that the Seine was falling to resume what had been before the hopeless task of

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emptying cellars and basements; there were pumps of every kind, large and small, hand-pumps, smart electric pumps, steam pumps, and monstrous indescribable pieces of machinery that took up half the roadway, obscured the sunshine with clouds of filthy smoke, and looked as if they had been rescued from the scrap-heap. Half Paris was in the streets gaping at the excavations, where the water had entangled planks and masonry, pipes and cables in inextricable confusion, and examining the barricades with eager interest while their elders compared them with the barricades of the Commune.

H. Warner Allen.

"CHANTECLER."

BY THE COUNT DE SOISSONS.

If by writing Cyrano Rostand became one of the most remarkable French dramatists, his new play Chantecler has made him one of the greatest dramatic poets of the world. This is due not only to the fact that all the poetic qualities of his previous workthe brilliant lyricism, the beautiful daring, the heroic fancy, and the prodigious inventiveness-are not only to be found but are magnified in this piece; neither because, as twelve years ago he, like a true magician, caused the fog and the mist brought into the French theatre from gloomy Norway to again dissipate and disappear, and reintroduced into it the Latin lucidity. restored the prestige of the drama in verse, and in doing so he continues the national tradition; nor because, following the old French fabliaux, the Roman de Renard, Rabelais's Iste sonnante, La Fontaine's Fables, and George Sand's Diable aux champs, he replaced men by birds, as was done in the above-mentioned works, where a large part is given to animals-but because he has

given to the world the greatest symbol ever written and because of his reform—so much needed—boldly introduced into the theatre by following the footsteps of the ancient Greeks, who first created art and literature, and whose theatrical performances were the most artistic.

The theatre should be le temple du rêve says Maeterlinck.1 Art is a temporary mask under which the faceless Unknown puzzles us. It is the substance of eternity introduced within us by means of a kind of distillation of infinity. A dramatic poem was the work of art but its performance on the stage frightened the swans, it threw the pearls into the bottomless depth. great poems of humankind should not be put on the stage. Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet should not be performed: at least it is dangerous to see them on the stage, for it is there that the masterpiece dies-the production of a dramatic poem leaving some-

1 "La Jeune Belgique," 1890, No. 9, "Menus oppros." Le Théâtre.

thing incomplete in itself. Every masterpiece is a symbol, and a symbol cannot bear the active presence of man; there is a continual discord between the forces of symbol and the forces of man. A true artist wishes to rescue us by the means of his poem from the domination of senses, while man acts only on our senses, and instead of giving the preponderance to the past and the future as does a poem, he diminishes, if not destroys, that preponderance by interesting us exclusively in the moment during which he speaks, viz., in the present. As soon as man enters the stage the spectacle of a poem is interrupted, for his voice, gestures and attitude are not veiled by synthetic conditions; he oversteps the limits of the poem, for the gigantic poem of his presence overshadows everything round him and destroys the symbol. The Greeks felt that incongruousness and their masks, which seem incomprehensible to us, served to alleviate the presence of man and to ease the symbol. During the Elizabethan times the recitation was melopæian, the acting conventional, and the stage symbolic. It was more or less the same in France in the seven-Dr. Johnson enterteenth century. tained similar ideas in regard to the theatre and the performance of dra-In our times Maetermatic poems. linck has written some pieces to be played not by men, but by dolls.

Rostand went further. That which with Maeterlinck was only a pium desiderium has become an actuality with the French dramatist, who, by the power of his genius, has replaced realism—incongruous with true art—by a symbol in which the presence of man on the stage, if not altogether excluded, is veiled, so to say, for Rostand understood the unfitness of the means used in the modern theatre for producing dramatic poems; he recognized that every poetical work ought to be a

dream, and that dream is possible only where the flight of imagination is not limited by too narrow boundaries, by means of which the author does not restrain his work, but leaves to the reader a free field where, beyond the proper picture, there open boundless horizons connected with it, and when the work contains a symbol clothed in a piece of infinity, if one could put it so; he has realized that the interior depth hidden at the bottom of infinity is the most important condition and the principal source of poetical beautybesides the knowledge, proper to poets, of rendering it-and that is why he has given to the world his coruscating dramatic poem Chantecler. It took him seven long years of continual struggle, not only with his imperative desire for surpassing himself-semper ad astra-but with the whole world, so to say; he was obliged to overthrow all the difficulties accumulated for two thousand years in order to induce people to remember that we cannot improve upon the ancient Greeks but must look back to them for guidance in literary and artistic matters. These are the fundamental reasons which make Chantecler perhaps the greatest poetical fancy ever written and performed.

It begins like the ancient Athenian plays by a masterly and inimitable prologue-a piece of unmistakable poetry -in which the spectators are told that as it is a Sunday, the farmer and his family will all go to church and in the farmyard there will remain only the birds and animals, who will tell frankly all that is in their hearts. While the πsολοsos recites his lines one hears behind the curtain horses stamping, carts rumbling, bells ringing, fowls cackling; it is a kind of charming rustic symphony. The curtain rises and reveals an ideal farmyard, because everything is unusually and intentionally large, much larger than in reality.

A gigantic blackbird sneers in a cage, gigantic hens cluck, a gigantic dog growls, a gigantic tom-cat purrs, and presently a gigantic cock, the master of the place, appears. He makes the impression of a mediæval knight covered with armor and fièrement casqué for combat. Chantecler is his name; he is the principal character and hero of the poem; he is very good-looking, he is brave, he is fond of order and lucidity-two principal characteristics of the French genius, and that is why the cock is the emblem of the French nation; he speaks with the authority of government and every morning he makes the sun rise by his singing-at least he firmly and honestly believes he does so. The hens believe him and in him, which, however, does not prevent them from being curious as to the secret of his power. The Blackbird. doubting everything, says:

Il est tellement beau qu'il semble avoir raison.

Chantecler ascends the wall and, being intoxicated with the light and heat, sings an ode to the sun, a masterpiece of such high poetical merit, on account of its clever measure, in which octosyllables are alternated with alexandrines, that it will be looked upon as one of the most beautiful poems in French literature, as can be judged by the following stanzas:

Je t'adore! Soleil! ô toi dont la lumière,

Pour bénir chaque front et mûrir chaque miel,

Entrant dans chaque fleur et dans chaque chaumière,

Se divise et demeure entière Ainsi que l'amour maternel!

Glorie à toi sur les près! Gloire à toi dans les vignes!

Soit bénit parmis l'herbe et contre les portails!

Dans les yeux des lézardes et sur l'aile des cygnes!

O toi qui fait les grandes lignes Et qui fait les petits détailes!

Je t'adore le Soleil! Tu mets dans l'air des roses,

Des fleures dans la source, un dieu dans le buisson!

Tu prends un arbre obscure et tu l'apothéose!

O Soleil! tois sans qui les choses Ne seraient que ce qu'elles sont!

The hens flutter, they listen to Chantecler and admire not so much his song as himself; they also fear him a little, for although good he is a stern master watching over their work, to which he presently sends them, and remains with his good friend the dog Patau, in whom is personified the respect for authority and hierarchy. There remains also his adversary the Blackbird, who sneers at Chantecler's frankness and enthusiasm, as in life dofrivolous, envious, creeping, and lowminded people at those who are superior to them; the Blackbird is ready tomake an alliance against Chantecler with snobbery, represented by the Peacock, and with social narrow-mindedness, personified in the Guinea-fowl. The dog warns his friend against the danger, but even his sagacity could not foresee the peril threatening Chantecler by a stormy passion. The detonation of a firearm interrupts their friendly commerce; a beautiful Hen-pheasant falls from a tree into the farmyard; she is not wounded, only frightened; a setter appears on the wall but is at once called back by the whistling of his master. The Hen-pheasant represents the charm of l'éternel feminin, irresistible on account of graceful shape and resplendent attire; as she lives in a forest there is also about her the attractiveness of mystery, and the peril of independence. The meeting of Chantecler and the Hen-pheasant originates a highly interesting conversation about different ideals of life that entertain the beautiful adventuress and

the domesticated bird. She implores the chivalrous cock to protect her against the hunter and-notwithstanding that it is difficult to hide a rainbow, as he puts it-he decides that she shall be concealed in Patau's kennel. Chantecler, conscious of his conquering powers, struts haughtily round her, while she looks at him with curiosity, mingled with a slight contempt for the good-looking churl. However, she accepts his hospitality and the night falls. The nocturnal birds come out from their hiding-places and make a conjuration against Chantecler, whom they all hate because he causes the rise of the sun so distasteful to them. The Henpheasant overhears the conjuration and her female heart begins to beat for Chantecler because he is in peril.

In the second act, full of Shakespearean poetry, the course of the plot The Guinea-fowl is going to give an "At Home" next day at five o'clock; amongst her guests there will be a bravado cock who will challenge Chantecler to a single fight and kill The nocturnal birds are satisfied him. with their tenebrous work and they chant a hymn to the night that rivals by its beauty the incantation to the sun. Dawn comes; the night birds disappear, the crowing of a cock resounds and the sun rises. Chanteeler, accompanied by the Hen-pheasant, appears on the outskirts of the forest where he is wont to come every morning to sing. It is the first time that he is not alone, and as his inamorata wishes to receive the homage of dawn he promises her to sing as he never sang before, and to make the day more splendid than The Hen-pheasant takes advanever. tage of her lover's expansiveness and being inquisitive, asks him-like another Delilah-to reveal to her the secret of his power. There is nothing now that he could refuse her, and he says that before singing he scratches deeply the earth, and for a while is as

if rooted to the soil, until he feels that all the forces of Mother Earth enter into him; only then he sings the song in which there resound all the mysterious elements of earthly forces that rise to heaven.

La terre parle en moi comme dans une conque.

Et je deviens, cessant d'être un oiseau quelconque,

Le port-voix en quelque sort officiel

Par quoi le cri du sol s'échappe vers le ciel!

Et ce cri qui monte de la terre.

Ce cri, c'est un tel cri d'amour pour la lumière,

C'est un si furieux et grondant cri d'amour

Pour cette chose d'or qui s'appelle le jour.

This revelation makes the Hen-pheasant perplexed, for her female egotism, her ardent desire of domineering allow not that her lover should think of anything but herself. That morning Chantecler excels himself in singing and the day is of extraordinary brilliancy. Under such circumstances he should feel happy, but he is not, for, as all true artists, he has some doubts: he believes that he makes the sun rise but he does not know why he should have such power-his singing remains a tantalizing mystery to him. He is uneasy, he is perplexed. . . . If only he could be sure that a feminine loving soul would believe in him and would comfort him, would bring him alleviation of anxiety. . . . Therefore he beseeches his companion to tell him that she is and will be to him for ever that most loved and most loyal friend. The Hen-pheasant, however, is not that superior female friend who could understand the higher aspiration of her male . . .; she is a vain coquette; she sees that never before was she as charming as she is that morning, therefore she hastens to the Guinea-fowl's "At Home." where she could be ad-

mired in her frock made so lovely by her lover. Chantecler will not go with her. At that moment the Blackbird, who was hiding behind a bush and overheard the conversation, appears and jeers at Chantecler's infatuation for the Hen-pheasant as well as at his self-conceit in regard to the mysterious Chantecler is power of his singing. indignant, for he is honest and sincere The bird-sneerer takes in his belief. no notice of his suffering and in further chat tells him about the plot against Chantecler is brave; he will his life. go and face his enemies.

The third act takes place in the kitchen garden of the farm; it serves the Guinea-fowl as a drawing-room. As every salon must have its great man as an attraction, the Peacock is chosen for the central figure of the gathering of the birds; he is a boastful braggadocio, talking about rare sentiments and professing sophistical theories. The "At Home" is very well attended by a large crowd of all species of cocks and other Chantecler arrives and, after birds. having put down his enemies by his brilliant gradiloquence, he fights the bully-cock and remains master of the situation, both physically and morally. This victory is that of lucidity over pretentious subtlety, of serious effort over common buffoonery, of sound intelligence over inanity of mind, of sincerity over hypocrisy. The kitchen garden seems to be changed into the Hôtel Rambouillet, where Molière's voice resounded while he was attaching les précieux and the pedants, with this difference, that in Chantecler the poet gives us a virulent satire directed against all kinds of æsthetic and worldly snobbery.

A magnificent forest, full of majesty and impressive poetry, is represented in the fourth act. In this forest Chantecler lives with the Hen-pheasant; he has recovered his glorious voice lost in the third act, after having listened to many inconsistent theories given by different cocks as to the best way of singing substituted for the natural gift; he sings now every morning and believes in his mission. The Hen-pheasant, however, as a true female, indifferent to everything that does not concern her exclusive love, wishes to make a slave of her lover; she claims that he should give her a proof of his sentiment towards her by sacrificing for her sake his pride, his ambition and even that which he considers to be his duty. He resists, saying:

Vous n'en restez pas moins une femelle encore

Pour qui toujours l'idée est la grande adversaire.

Je te serre,

Oui, sur mon cœur de Coq! Mais c'eut été meilleur

De te serrer contre mon âme d'éveilleur.

Vain effort to awaken her, to raise her to his higher standard; she will remain his douce amie-ennemie? by proving to him that he is wrong, and in order to win her point she distracts him by making him listen to the sweet singing of the nightingale, that while listening to it he shall forget about everything as the one who listens with the whole soul, with the whole heart, to the voice of night, of heaven, of futurity momentous with hopes and longings. Taking advantage of Chantecler's absent-mindedness produced by rapture, she covers his head with her wings and in that moment the sun rises before he can sing; he frees himself from her treacherous embrace and sings as loudly as he is able, but it is too latethe light of the sun having already filled the forest. Chantecler is distressed, but he is saved from despair by a thought that his singing on the previous morning was so glorious that there remained a part of it in the air and that made the sun rise; he still be-

² Raoul Comte de Soissons. Vide "Les œuvres d'Etienne Pasquier," 1723, vol. ii.

lieves in himself. However, he sees his mistake; he understands that he has nothing to do in the forest and he determines to return to his farmyard, to sing there every morning as formerly, to perform his duties simply, for which, perchance, he will not be less great. As to the Hen-pheasant, she follows him for she is caught in a snare by the farmer, who takes her to his farmyard; she is compelled to give up her freedom and independence and henceforth she will live loved by the cock and submissive to him.

Such is this noble and sublime fancy produced not only by Rostand's genius, but by his great efforts and his resourceful ingenuity as well. It is less diverting than Cyrano but it is more important on account of its poetical value. in regard to the reform it introduces to the theatre, as well as because of serious thoughts and weighty lessons furnished to us and rendered in the most masterly and varied verse. Rostand's taste is for talking much; he is able to give fairy-like phrases, a kind of bal costumé " where the words pass like disguised people-some of them elegant and quiet, others shouting and vulgar. There seems to be in him an eternal spring of words. There is a danger in that abundance, for it leads to monotony; Rostand, however, avoids that peril; sometimes he is near to it, another time he touches it, then immediately he controls himself and uses verses of a different kind, inserting them with masterly skill. Hence that variety in his work of triolets, of odes. of sonnets, of great frolics, and fine He is a past-master in bringing again and again the same word in every verse, accompanying it by evervarying qualifications, as is the case with the word cog. In some places his alliterations and his puns are worthy of the Marquis de Bièvre and of Commerson; his fancy, his capriciousness, and inspiration are boundless, workmanship is perfect, everything being chased and finished ad unquem. His ability in constructing verses is astounding; in that regard he is a true legerdemainist. He is endowed with Theodore de Banville's facility and gracefulness and with Victor grandeur and verse. His art of alternating ironical or comical with melancholic and tender parts is inimitable. His rhymes in their variety are difficult to be surpassed, while the use of words could not be more just.

Rostand has proved once more to be an exquisite poet whose refined mind, delicate, frank, and sincere soul are appreciated by artists and the crowd as well. Never before has the poet written such excellent verses as he has done in *Chantecler*, where the Ode to the Sun, the whole half of the second act, the apostrophe to the Blackbird, the prayer of the small birds, the incantation to the night, and the song of the nightingale are the work of a genius.

Through the medium of animals the poet utters biting verities and is prodigious in brusque antitheses, in quips and cranks. He brands those who sneer constantly and are heartless, but admires those in whom a strong mind is united with sensitiveness. He detests those who claim to be unmoved by anything because they think that to be emotional means to be incorrect. Then he enjoins us to preserve faith and enthusiasm notwithstanding the toads that slaver over everything that is good and exalted, notwithstanding females that are foes of everything that does not concern passion. He speaks to us about the love of country, about fondness of lucidity, about noble generosity, and charming simplicity. teaches us that the artist must be fixed to the native soil, as is the cock while he sings, to be in continual contact

³ M. Geffroy.

with Nature in order to be able to produce a masterpiece.

He is right in that regard for having himself followed this advice, he has given to the world an eloquent, enchanting, surprising, moving and exclusively unique work, which undoubtedly will remain.

The English Review.

Chantecler was played by such a concourse of accomplished actors and staged in such a manner that one can safely say, without exaggeration, that never before was a piece played better, and presented more artistically than was this powerful and extraordinary poem.

ON THE PAVEMENT WITH THE UNEMPLOYED.

It is not until a man has slunk down the streets of this great city, with the eyes of every policeman on point appraising him for comparison with the criminal photograph album, that he is able to realize the hopelessness of the honest unemployed. There is only one way by which it is possible to arrive at the truth in this fearful problem of unemployment in our cities. The man who would learn must go amongst the submerged 50,000 as one of themselves. If he trusts to Board of Trade returns. the reports of charitable organizations, or statements by clergy and parish workers, he will only arrive at the existing picture in outline.

The unemployed in London are of four classes: genuine workers thrown out of employment because of depression, or man-reducing improvements, in their particular trade; unemployed who have not sufficient education to follow a trade, and who depend upon the casual labor market; unemployed who prefer eking out a pavement living by doing stray and odd jobs to facing the routine hours of regular work; and the unemployed who are unemployable. Beyond this division any classification of the want in a great city becomes impossible. The first class mentioned will not own to their poverty even though starvation be emaciating wife and children. In the effort to preserve their self-respect the men will tramp hundreds of miles per month seeking

employment, and will sustain life on a few slices of bread per day. ual laborer is the class that one hears most about, because, owing to natural as well as mechanical causes, it is more rapidly increasing. The reason for this is not obscure. For the sake of domestic economy the laboring classes send their children out to work at the earliest moment that the State will al-There are, unfortunately, emlow. ployers enough in London seeking to enlist immature labor on account of its cheanness. As soon as this labor matures, however, they turn it adrift to replace it with child labor. Thus year by year the semi-educated and tradeless worker is thrown upon a market of only a limited demand. While the scope of the market increases but slowly, the number of casual laborers increases in the same ratio as the male population of the laboring classes. The next class-the unemployed who prefer eking out a pavement livelihood to accepting settled employment-are the hardest to analyze. They are a product of our modern civilization, with its attendant concentration in the towns. In part they are the produce of the preceding class, while, to a large extent, the money-making channels of modern sport are also responsible for their existence. Crime likewise has brought its influence to swell their ranks. They are, of course, the class which deserves nothing of the country beyond meas-

ures designed for their reformation. The last class-the unemployable-are composed of such as, through sickness or mental or physical disability, are un-How far the able to earn a living. community should be held responsible for their maintenance is a matter that will have to be settled in the near future by national legislation. As all three of the preceding classes contribute to the last class far more directly than does any other portion of society, it is obvious that some form of legislation must be devised to increase the demand for labor, and thus save the middle classes from the devastating wall of poor rates that is building up against Employment must be found. them. since the only rational alternative would seem to be the lethal chamber.

It was in this mind that I put my pride in my pocket and plunged headlong into the seething masses of North-East London. 'A week's growth of beard, the attention of a skilled hairdresser, and 15s. expended in a slop shop, is all that is necessary to turn an ordinary clubman into "a ship's steward on the beach." The beauty of a ship's steward lies in the fact that his origin may be anything from Peer to Platelayer. It was a cold, miserable winter morning. The pavement squelched underfoot, and a fog-mist slowly wetted me to the skin. I had read in the paper that there was as much unemployment in Hackney as in any other part of London. So to Hackney I determined to go. It not being necessary that I should play the part entirely, and walk the whole distance from my residence to the Stoke Newington High Street, I took the underground train to Islington. It was in the train that I first became conscious of the great gulf between the classes.

Simulating a bearing in keeping with my miserable disguise, I found that my appearance produced no expression of

sympathy on the faces of my fellowpassengers, and in several cases I read annoyance in the fact that this cosmopolitan mode of travelling necessitated their sitting beside one so shabbily attired. Though on my part it was but an experiment, yet something of the hopelessness that fills the heart of the man that has fallen seemed to possess me early in my quest. My experience in the train had made me so self-conscious that I positively winced when in front of the Angel, Islington, I came under the cold scrutiny of the massive policeman on point. Even when I had passed him I felt that he was following me with his eyes. Stopping at the next corner, I addressed two men who seemed to be of a similar type to myself.

"Any chance of getting a job?"

Both men looked me up and down, and expectorated before making answer. It was evident that my speech betrayed me.

"What sort of a job are you looking for?"

"Most anything," I answered.

"Well, you'll find it's just nix here," added one of the corner-stones.

Then as I turned away I heard the other mutter to his friend, "Blooming toff on his uppers."

There was something desperately depressing in the solitude of a busy thoroughfare, even though I was only masquerading as a waif in London. though I had a map of the district in my pocket, it was quite useless to me. Whoever has heard of a day-laborer finding his way by reading a map? In ordinary times I should have asked a policeman. But now I disliked to face them. A drayman was bringing his pair up to a water-trough in a side street. I asked him the way to Stoke Newington. He looked me up and down, and then gave me the first compassion that I had received that morning. "Follow the tram lines till they

stop, and then ask again, old chum." As I was to learn later on, there was a wealth of feeling in that "old chum." It meant that that carman had read my troubles, and was giving me all the sympathy he could afford. I tramped wearily away, and, wet and miserable, arrived at my destination.

There was no question about the unemployment in Hackney. The first street that I entered was lined with miserables like unto myself. I dived into side streets in the vicinity of Dalton Laue. In front of every publichouse was a small knot of poor devils waiting there in the hope that some acquaintance, in better luck than themselves, would invite them to that penny drink of thin swipes which would entitle them to a broken biscuit from the bar counter. In one street I counted thirty-seven men standing outside the four public-houses. Not one of these men was smoking. I believe that not one of them had a single penny in his pocket, otherwise I should have seen a pipe or cigarette amongst them. I was so impressed by this that I turned into a dingy tobacco-sweet shop. hevelled Jewess served me with six penny-worth of her cheapest cigarettes. For this silver mite she gave me thirty-five. And then her womanly compassion, moved by my woebegone appearance, prompted her to say, "Perhaps you would like a light?" tossed me a halfpenny box of matches. Those cigarettes, and others like them that I purchased later, proved my best introduction-cards. I wandered down to one of the groups already mentioned, and entered into conversation with two youths of about twenty who were tidily but shabbily dressed, and a hungrylooking man whom I took to be some kind of mechanic. Taking out three or four loose cigarettes from my pocket, I offered one to the better dressed of "What?" he exclaimed. the youths. "Had a bit of luck this morning, old

man? But I don't like to take it, as I can't give you nothing in return." By this double negative he meant to imply that he was absolutely on the rocks bimself, and did not wish to rob a fellow-sufferer of any piece of luck upon which he might have chanced. sured them that I had had a job on the preceding day, and all three took the cigarettes with eagerness. Having thus cemented this pavement acquaintance, I asked tentatively what the chances were of getting any work. chanic bluntly suggested that I must be a "cuckoo," which I understood from the context to mean a stranger, if I expected to find work in Hackney in the middle of the day. He himself had been round to no less than nine engineering firms that morning before eight o'clock, in the hope of getting a temporary job as a fitter. He was a plumber by trade. The other two had just tramped back from Milwall Docks, where they had tried to find something, from wharf hand to stowaway, in the shipping line. I then unburdened into their sympathetic ears the imaginary story of my own woes, and asked them what one could do for a bare living. The better dressed of the young men said that, for his part, he got one meal a day at his home. The other youth admitted that there were always a few pence to be earned each night outside the public-houses by minding the children while their parents were in the bar. The plumber's story was pathetic. He had a wife with a small baby at home, and he had only been able to find two days' work in the last three weeks. At last he had been forced to throw himself upon the mercy of the parish, with the result that he had received a tenpenny ticket which he could realize either in a stipulated butcher's, baker's, or grocer's shop. For him, with his small child at home, there was only one course. had to buy a tin of preserved milk at

the grocer's, and supplement it with coal and firing. If the grocer, in his magnanimity, had not sold him half a loaf of bread for the odd halfpence, father and mother would have benefited nothing by the charity. Through a curious want of appreciation, these charity tickets can only realize at one of the three establishments mentioned.

It would be tedious if I were to recapitulate the scores of squalid and miserable histories that I heard that It must be remembered that these men, when in conversation with their equals, do not wear their hardluck stories upon their sleeves. They were none of them professional beg-You do not find the professional gars. beggar in the East End. Some, of course, belonged to the class that prefer to live in this environment; but the majority of my curbstone acquaintances were honest Englishmen crushed out of work by the economic conditions of the country, and they were as selfrespecting as their unhappy circumstances would permit. My next effort was to secure work myself. On this particular day I was too late for the Labor Exchanges, nor was I encouraged to look for them, since the comment that I heard upon them was most despondent in its character. But of this later.

Still in the neighborhood of Dalton Lane, I presently found myself by a small timber-yard. A short, stout, and rather bucolic person was examining a seedy-looking beam that appeared to have done good service in the past.

"Morning, governor," I said; "got a job for a man who is willing to work?" He looked up at me quickly. There was no doubt that he was an employer of labor, and a very shrewd and hard employer of labor.

"What can you do?" he said curtly.
"I am an educated man out of a job;
I'll do anything."

"What's yer trade,-what can you

do?" he asked, eyeing me forbiddingly.
"I've been a soldier, and I can't get
a job. I'il do anything."

"Been out of a job long? Your clothes is good enough."

"I only bought them on Saturday when I landed at Southampton. I've just lost my job in South Africa owing to the Government giving back the country to the Boers."

"So you fought in the war, did you?"
"Yes, for two years."

"Ah," he said, with a vindictive tone in his voice, "helped to ruin your country, did you? I know your kind. Shoot 'em all down and we'll get their jobs. You deserve to starve." Then his tone softened. "Well, look 'ere," he added, "you 'ave the look of a strong 'ealthy fellow. I got some gravel that I want shifting down this yard. You can come and have a look at it if you like."

I followed him meekly down to the bottom of the enclosure, where there was a large heap of sand. It might have been two or three cartloads,—at least, my unaccustomed eye estimated it as such.

"There," said my bucolic friend, "you shift that sand and wheel it into that pit there, and I'll give you eighteen-pence."

I looked at the heap and then at my friend. "Mister," I said, "that's more than half-a-day's job; I'll come and begin it to-morrow morning."

"You're the fourth man as has said that this morning, yet you all said that you were starving," he said viciously.

"Right you are, governor," I answered, "yet there are many of us who would starve rather than be sweated into doing a day and half's job for eighteenpence."

It is a crying shame that there are thousands of employers of this kidney in London. It seems, however, to be a law of nature that the strong should prey upon the weak. As I have al-

men who are the first hit by depression For the most part, I believe in trade. these sweaters to be foreigners, but, notwithstanding this, there must be many Englishmen equally culpable.

After I had had a fivepenny meal in a small eating-house, I made another tour of the public-houses, which, towards evening, become the lodestone of the unemployed. If I had not stood upon that damp pavement and seen the competition amongst grown, and often respectably dressed, men to hold babies and mind children while the mothers or guardians were inside the public-houses, I would not have believed that poverty could so have reduced English manhood. I asked a grayheaded carman, who was minding a baby in arms, how he managed to live. After we had fraternized a little, he told me that he and his wife, by sleeping in the passage outside their one room, were able to let their bed sometimes for threepence, and if they should get two to sleep in it, for fivepence a His wife was able to make a night. few pence by replenishing his barrow for a coster, while he himself generally managed to pick up twopence halfpenny to threepence by minding children for their mothers outside this par-Can a more miserable ticular house. state of society be imagined? I asked him if he was generally sure of letting the bed. His answer was in the affirmative, the reason being that he lived in one of the criminal quarters, and that the thieves, or "crooks" as he called them, prefered going to private houses rather than to the public doss-I then began to consider my houses. own sleeping arrangements, and I asked my friend for advice.

"It's no good your coming to us, chum," he answered, "as the missus told me we were full up again to-night. white aprons are busy serving such

ready suggested, it is this type of em- But it all depends what your style is. ployer who, by the employment of im- I wouldn't advise nobody as could raise mature labor, creates the class of work- fivepence for a Rowton House to sleep in these parts. Most people up here is crooks." And he made a gesture from which I concluded that seafaring men were not altogether safe unless they knew their way about in the East end of London.

> So I made my way down to Pentonville, determined to seek a lodging in the Rowton House at King's Cross. Being pretty well wet through and thoroughly leg-weary, I took the train to the Caledonian Road.

> It was with rather mixed feelings that I approached the well-lit edifice that is the people's hotel in this part of London. There was no doubt as to the entrance, as quite a stream of visitors were passing up the steps. I filed in. and in due course came to the bureau. Here a smart and most matter-of-fact official, who, from his appearance I judged to have once been an Army Service Corps clerk, asked me whether I would have a bed for sevenpence or shilling. The refinement which I had been nurtured prompted me to take the shilling cubicle.

> "Name?" said the clerk. I gave my pseudonym. "Will you have key?" I nodded. "One shilling deposit." With that I was handed a paper ticket and the key, and passed through the turn-Never having before experienced a hotel door with a turnstile registering the number of entries. I felt something like a ticketed criminal. was wet, miserable, and tired, so I passed into the common feeding-room. This, I suppose, is one of the most curious places of rendezvous in the whole world. It is well lighted, and the tables and forms were set out much in the manner of a school class-room. At one end of the room is a window-bar opening into the kitchen. Behind this bar, three or four maids in caps and

meals as the visitors demand. A little removed from the window-bar, and standing in the common-room itself, is a large coke-fed stove. Its real purpose is to permit those visitors who cannot afford to purchase a cooked meal to prepare any food they may have brought themselves. It also, on a wet day like the one in my experience, is a grateful friend to the street wanderer who arrives wet to the skin. The prices at the window-bar astonished me. For threepence you could secure a supper consisting of a jorum of cocoa, a rasher of bacon or a bloater, and a piece of bread. But what interested me most were the clients gathered together in the eating-room. By far the larger number were dressed, and comported themselves as men who should have had respectable homes of their own. The other portion, and for the most part those cooking round the coke fire, were the men one sees at the street-corners in the West End at all hours of the day and night-paper-sellers, crossing-sweepers, scientific beg-In the recreation-room adjacent, the class was almost entirely superior. I noticed one man in clerical attire. Nearly every one was wearing a passably clean collar. Here men were writing letters, playing draughts and backgammon, reading the daily papers, and generally comporting themselves as the members of a club. I picked up an acquaintance-a man who had just thrown down a newspaper. I discovered that he was an Australian, now resident in Sheffield. He found it necessary to come to London two or three times a-year for a week on busi-He took a cubicle at Rowton House at a contract rate of five shillings per week, paid a small sun for clean sheets, a penny for a cake of soap, and was as comfortable as if he lived in a hotel of the class that he could afford He did not take his to patronize. meals in the Rowton House, as the environment of that common eating-room was the least attractive feature in the whole establishment.

When I, myself, went to bed I found that my own experience bore out all that my Australian friend had said. If one could forget the bureaucratic bearing of the officials in the Rowton Houses there could be nothing disagreeable in taking advantage of their higher rate accommodation. You receive a comfortable little cubicle with a gas-jet, a chest of drawers with a looking-glass, a wash-stand and towel, a spring-bed and blankets. In short, the accommodation provided for one shilling is as good as, and in many cases better than, the accommodation available in ordinary South African hotels or Indian dak bungalows. The only drawback is, as I have said before, the bureaucratic atmosphere pervading it all,-the iron sliding-gate that closes behind you as you pass up the stairs to bed, the printed list of rules that hangs upon your door, and the bell that warns you to be out of your room at a given hour in the morning.

Having slept as well and comfortably as if I had been in my own home. I rose early in order to be amongst the first arrivals at the Labor Exchange. The Exchange at which I had determined to try my luck had been opened for some days, therefore there was nothing of that exuberance of novelty that had attracted so many on the opening day. I was not the first; and I joined a queue of shabby and hopeless-looking laborers that was being marshalled by two young and over-officious constables. I had a three-quarter of an hour's wait outside the disma! green shutters before the section of the queue to which I belonged was admitted. The man I stood next to was a day-laborer. He asked me if I had heard of anybody who had got employment from a bureau. The question was taken up by the next in the turn, who

said that he had heard tell that they wanted twenty men in Wales, and that was why he had come to-day to make inquiries. A man who was on the pavement, and had nothing to do with our queue, having overheard the question, remarked, "Don't let them kid you that they are going to give you any work. All they want is to count the number of unemployed to make a Parliamentary return." My laborer, who had a worse tale to unfold than any I had heard on the previous day, said that he simply came as a last chance before the workhouse. He added mournfully, as we shuffled into the Exchange, "Onct you sets foot in the workhus you're finished." Inside the Exchange we were passed before a spruce little bureaucrat behind a pigeon-hole grating. He was much the same class of man as the official in the receipt of custom at Rowton House. His business began and ended in that of a registering agent. I left the bureau, knowing that I was no nearer employment than if I had not been there at all, and holding in my band a card by which I was to inform the office of any change of address.

Being an educated man, I knew what most of my disconsolate associates could not realize, that a Labor Exchange was not a machine to supply Government labor for the man who claimed a right to work, but only an organization that hoped to bring employer and employee more generally into touch. Labor Exchanges of themselves have done nothing, and can do nothing, to solve this immense prob-

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lem that is pressing for immediate solution. No machinery is of any value unless it can produce the demand. At the present moment such demand as exists is, in London, swamped in a ratio of almost five to one. This much. however, is certain, that the Socialistic measures proposed in the suspended Budget can do nothing but increase the unemployment in this country. In his endeavor to place the burden upon the rich, Mr. Lloyd-George can only succeed in increasing unemployment, since it is the money of the rich that is at the base of all employment. Hunt capital out of this country, and you create a state of poverty that must prove an insupportable burden to the middle classes. The rich can look after themselves, but the middle-classes remain for ever the prev of Socialistic legislation. It is beyond the scope of this paper to offer any argument for the solution of this problem. The only object of my quest was to satisfy myself that it existed. But of one point I am positive. that if only some of the educated men who voted for the Liberal cause at the last election could have been with me for those two days, could have seen what I saw, could have heard what I heard, they would have agreed with me that in our present fiscal situation it was hardly possible for the condition of the working man to be worse, and therefore we have a right that legislation should change our fiscal conditions, and place some impost upon the foreign competition that is grinding the heart of the nation into pulp.

"Old Chum" London, Feb. 1916.

OWER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

CONCLUDED.

Sunday, of course, was wet. Such red-letter days in a girl's calendar often are; and Mrs. Gilchrist did not suppose that Divina would be anxious to go out.

"You're better quietly in the house with your book," she told the girl. "I've a nice set of addresses written for the Young Women's Christian Association I'll lend you to read." But to her surprise this alluring offer did not seem to tempt Divina; the pages of the book of life were in truth what she longed to turn that afternoon, if Mrs. Gilchrist had only known!

"Oh, m'am, I don't mind the rain. I'm sweir to give up the class. I wasn't at the church either the day," said Divina eagerly.

"I'm sure I'm glad you are so thoughtful," said her mistress, innocent soul that she was. "Well, see that you put on your thick boots and your waterproof. Mr. Ferguson will be very pleased to see you make the effort to go in all this rain."

Divina laughed in her sleeve. She was not in the least a hypocritical girl, but youth is youth, and nothing on earth will ever alter that fact. She was dull, and saw a prospect of amusing herself. You cannot blame the child.

So, Bible in hand, Divina sped along the muddy roads towards the Manse. Never had the way seemed shorter; but, alas, never had good Mr. Ferguson's exhortations seemed longer. Again and again Divina's eyes sought the clock: a quarter to four; four; a quarter past four; half past four; the hands stole along, and the minister's patient old voice droned on, explaining the journeys of St. Paul.

Of what significance, alas! was one word that she heard to Divina, who sat there watching the hands of the clock and thinking about John the ploughman? As well might the minister have spoken to the wind: it would have paid as much heed to his teachings.

This was to be a day of triumph to Divina, for as she came out of the Manse gate, along with a little band of her fellow class-mates, she saw John waiting for her under the shelter of the trees at the church door. Here, indeed, was an open declaration in the face of the world! The girls nudged each other and giggled, asking in whispers who John Thompson was after (Far from their thoughts already were the journeys of St. Paul!), and Divina, knowing the answer to their question, fell behind so that John might have no difficulty in distinguishing her from among the group.

Who can tell the throb of gratified vanity that her young heart gave as John came forward and joined her? The other girls looked back at them and laughed loudly; but John minded them not a whit.

"We'll gang round by the ither road," was all the comment he made upon their laughter.

Divina was in a twitter of excitement; but if she expected that John would put his arm round her waist and kiss her, she was much mistaken. John was far too prudent to commit himself in any such way. What he did do, was to saunter along in the pouring rain (apparently quite oblivious to it, as any self-respecting ploughman should be) while he talked gravely to Divina about Mr. Ferguson's Bibleclass. Divina would have preferred almost any other subject; but she had enough of tact to allow her adorer to choose his own topics of conversation.

John was incurably theological, with that deep, worrying, questioning mind that belongs more inherently to a certain type of Scot than to the native of any other country under the wide arch of heaven. He could not keep off religious subjects—they fascinated him as horses and cards fascinate some men. His sombre imagination played round the problems of this bewildering world of ours unceasingly.

And here he seemed to be going to choose Divina for his life's partner—Divina, careless as the wind, and unthinking as a kitten: in truth the attraction of opposites. She did not in any way try to deceive him; but she certainly tried hard to please him. The method she adopted was a very old one, but one which is in most cases entirely efficacious—she merely listened with rapt attention to every word that fell from the man's lips, and said little herself!

When the walk came to an end therefore, John was under the impression that Divina and he were absolutely one in thought, so cleverly had she listened, so little had she said, so much had she looked. He might have been a little hurt and surprised if he had stood beside Divina in the farm porch while she shook out her wet umbrella. For, with a great sigh of mingled relief and disappointment, she exclaimed to herself:

"Losh me, is you courtin'?"

This was only the first of many walks. Mrs. Gilchrist, of course, found out very soon that Divina and John were "keeping company," and though a little sorry that the girl should begin to think of matrimony so early, she was thankful that such an exemplary young man should be her choice.

"You're far too young to marry yet, Divina," she told her; "John must wait a year or two for you, then you can lay by some money, and you'll have learned many a thing before then."

"Oh. I'm no' thinkin' about gettin'

tain type of Scot than to the native of married, m'am," said Divina, "I'm only any other country under the wide walkin' out with John."

"Well, I'm sure I don't understand you girls," said the older woman. "What does walking out with a man mean, but just that you're thinking of marrying him? It's nonsense to speak that way, Divina, and I hope you're not trifling with John?"

"No' me, m'am—maybe John's triflin' wi' me," said Divina, laughing.

She laughed; but there was in reality a nip of truth in her words, for in spite of all their walking and talking, John had never yet made her a definite offer of marriage. This fact Divina could not hide from herself, nor could she deny that such an offer would be extremely gratifying to her vanity.

"I'm no quite sure that I'll tak him," she said to herself, judicially weighing the situation; "but I'd like him to offer."

Things then were in this parlous condition, when Divina had a sudden inspiration, and set to work to carry it out at once. John must somehow or other be brought to the point: her vanity could not bear his silence any longer—speak he must. Having come to this decision, Divina began to act upon it.

"If you please, m'am," she said one day, "I'm wantin' to go to Edinbury if you don't objec'."

"To Edinburgh, Divina? Have you friends to see there, or what is it?"

"No, m'am; it's things I want to buy."

"Why, Divina, haven't you all you need? I'm sure your things are all very good."

"I want a hat," said the girl.

"The one you have is quite neat and nice—what would you be spending your money on a new one for?" Mrs. Gilchrist remonstrated. "Especially if you think of getting married some day, Divina, you should be laying by for that."

"Oh, I'm not thinkin' o' it," Divina

said evasively. "But, if you please m'am, I'd like the day in Edinbury."

"Well, of course you can have it but, Divina, do you know your way about the town, and what shops to go to and all?"

"I'll manage fine," said the girl.
"There's a shop they call Lyons—I've heard tell of it."

"Yes, it's a good shop; but when you go there, be sure you know what you want, for you'll be so confused by the number of things they offer you, that as likely as not you'll end by buying what you don't want."

Unfortunately for herself, Divina had a great deal of self-confidence; she did not believe these words of wisdom in the least.

"I know fine what I'm to buy," she assured Mrs. Gilchrist, who, with the wisdom of age, shook her head over this announcement.

"I suppose girls will never learn except by experience," she said, "but let me give you one bit of advice—beware of bargains—there's not such a thing as a bargain. When a shopman tells you he's giving you one, he's really getting rid of the goods for some reason or other—I've found that out long ago."

Divina listened, of course; but she was quite sure that she knew better. Had she not been reading the advertisements in the Weekly Scotsman? That powerful organ of public opinion surely knew more than Mrs. Gilchrist, and it spoke of "Phenomenal Bargains"; of "Things going under cost price"; of "Summer hats being given away." Certainly, if this was the case, she would easily get what she wanted! It was arranged, therefore, that Divina should go to Edinburgh on Friday for her day of shopping. Bright visions of hats visited her pillow all the night In dreams she saw an endless perspective of pegs, hung with hats of every shape and shade, and she, with the exhaustless purse of the fable,

strayed among them buying, buying, buying.

Divina you must remember, looked upon herself by this time almost in the light of a capitalist. In the six months since she came to Sandyhill Farm, she had been able to lay by five dirty one-pound notes, and this, almost the first money she had earned, seemed to her an enormous sum, with illimitable spending capacities. Divina had none of the spirit of the miser in her—she thought that money was there to be spent, not to be hoarded—a philosophy that has a good deal of sound sense in it.

On her way to the station on Friday morning, Divina had the good luck to meet John going to his work. He stopped to ask her where she was off to.

"To Edinbury, for the day," she answered, her face glowing with soap and pleasure. "I've things to buy."

"Yer lucky that have siller tae buy wi'," said John grimly. "It tak's a man all his time to live these days let alone buyin'."

Divina laughed gaily, and assured him he had risen on the wrong side that morning, to be taking such dark views of life. Then she hurried on to the station, and John stood looking after her admiringly.

"She's a sight for sair e'en—none of the fal-lalls some lassies wear—yon's a sensible bit thing, would make a man a good wife," he meditated as he plodded on to his work. His thoughts were full of the trim little figure that had flitted across his path: "None o' your dressed up huzzies for me," he added aloud.

Those who have had occasion to go a-shopping in Edinburgh must have observed that pleasant note of intimacy which prevails in most of the shops. Trading is here carried on under genial conditions; and, except where the intolerable "young lady" from London has intruded, the saleswomen take an almost passionate personal interest in their customers.

Impossible to convey the welcoming intonation of the Edinburgh saleswoman as she presses her wares: "This now I can really recommend, for I've tried it myself-it'll be the verra thing yer wantin': or stop a minit, I've a cheaper line I'd like to show youno, it's no trouble at all. . . . Now, to my mind that becomes ye better than the dearer one." . . . Surely in no other known capital do the sales people so earnestly consider how to spare the purses of their clients. But this may be only a deeper depth of subtilty, for it is so disarming that the purse-strings fly open before it in a wonderful way.

When Divina then entered that genial emporium known as Lyons, she was immediately made welcome by one of these redoubtable saleswomen. Our heroine scarcely needed to voice her wants, they were understood almost without speech on her part by this omniscient creature.

"I perfectly understand: what you're wantin' is a dressy hat that'll look well at the church and yet do fine for your afternoon out. Yes, we've got just the thing here-but maybe that's too dear -it's nonsense spending too much on a hat, I always say, that'll be out of fashion next year. Here's another exactly half the price-its real stylish too-I sold one to an officer's daughter half an hour ago. I believe it's the very thing for you. Just you try it on, please-let me put it on for you-a wee bit to the one side-that's it-now, if you ask me, I think that's the exact thing you've been looking for. cheap hat for the money, really-the feather's a beauty."

Thus cajoled, Divina assumed the hat, and then gazed at her own reflection in the glass and wondered at the awful power of dress. For this hat had transformed her in one moment from a Nicholson girl into a fine lady—or so she fondly imagined. It was a gigantic structure of emerald green velvet, turned up sweepingly at one side. A long white ostrich (whalebone) feather depended from it, and fell bewitchingly across her shoulder.

"Take a look at yourself in the handglass," the saleswoman recommended.

Divina did not understand the uses of the hand-glass, but these were quickly explained to her: the back view proved even more striking than the front had been. Divina drew in a long breath.

"What's the price?" she asked.

"Fifteen and six-very cheap that for the style," said the woman.

Divina had never heard of anyone paying 15s. 6d. for a hat—the idea took her breath away. She looked again at herself and hesitated—then suddenly made up her mind.

"I'll tak' it," she said curtly.

"Very good; then where'll I send it to?" the saleswoman asked, licking her pencil.

"I'll tak' it; it won't be ill to carry." said Divina.

"Not a bit. I'll put it up in a nice box for you—and now what's the next thing?" was the brisk reply.

Divina put her finger into the corner of her mouth, a childish habit she still retained when in doubt.

"I'm wantin' a dress," she-said a little shyly. Again her wants were comprehended almost before they had been spoken.

"That'll be in the next department but I'll come through with you and bring the hat—it'll be better for you to see them together; just come this way, please."

Divina stepped "through" into the enchanted region of the ready-made costumes; it was her dream come true —pegs and pegs and pegs hung with wonderful garments, and she wandering among them, purse in hand. The genial saleswoman escorted her until they met another lady of the warehouse.

"Here's Miss Campbell," she said, as if there was but one Miss Campbell in the world, then addressing the other woman: "Where are those nice serge costumes" (the emphasis was, of course, on the last syllable—"costumes") "you were showing me yesterday? This young lady wants one to go with this hat—a bit of trimming on it, and good value for her money, see what you can do for her."

The two had got Divina now; she was clay in their hands. The serge costumes with bits of trimming were quickly produced, and it was then evident that Divina had set her heart's affections on a rather bright shade of green to suit the hat. Her choice was applauded by the two saleswomen: "It's the one I would have chosen myself," said Divina's first friend; "I'm glad you're to have that—well, now you're suited, I'll leave you with Miss Campbell," and she swept away.

Divina found herself thus committed to pay £2 10s. for the costume, and her conscience began to prick; but the redoubtable Miss Campbell had decided that her victim was to make still farther purchases.

"I call that a very nice, showy costume," she said, holding it out temptingly; "but what blouse are you to wear with it? We've a very cheap line of white silk ones here would look well with this green." She swept Divina along to another counter where blouses of all degrees of vulgarity were displayed: "It's really difficult to choose where they're all so choice," she said.

But Divina had a wonderfully quick eye for what she admired—in two minutes she had singled out a particularly showy trifle made up almost entirely of cheap lace medallions and sarsenet. "This'll be very dear, isn't it?" she asked longingly.

"Dear? Oh no, I call that quite a bargain—and I daresay I could let it down a shilling to meet your price: we're selling off this line at five eleven three. Let me think now—I daresay I might let you have it at four eleven three, if that would suit, and there's a bargain for you."

"Four eleven three?" Divina interrogated, not having yet caught up the lingo of the cheap shop. Miss Campbell smiled, and explained the enormous reduction that the term conveyed so, of course, Divina bought the blouse.

"These make a nice finish to a costume," the temptress remarked casually; as they passed along where a bunch of feather boas waved in the draught from the staircase. arithmetic had been tolerably well taught at Nicholson's, so Divina was quite aware that she had already spent the tremendous sum of £3 10s. 5%d.; yet pass these boas she could not. She was as awfully in their toils as if they had been the monsters they derived their name from. There was in Divina some of the reckless spirit of the true dissipator-she would have a good spend while she was at it.

"What'll they be?" she asked firmly.
"Oh, they're a cheap line too—six eleven three these: how would you like this white coque? it's real showy."

Divina laid down her six eleven three like a man, and received a farthing's worth of pins to salve her conscience and make her believe that the boa too had been cheap. Miss Campbell was now carrying the hat in one hand, the costume over one arm, the blouse laid across it, and now she whisked up the boa and carried off the whole lot in triumph to the fitting-room where Divina was to try on the dress. Fitting was rather too precise a word for the perfunctory tug here and ruck there

that were given to the jacket; but Divina was assured that it would be "quite all right" and that Miss Campbell "saw what it wanted" exactly.

Divina would have liked to carry away all these beautiful purchases with her; but this, of course, was impossible, so she had to content herself with the assurance that the parcels would meet her at the station in the Then feeling wonderfully rich (for was she not the possessor of all these splendid garments?), yet strangely poor (because her purse was half empty), Divina took a walk along Princes Street, ate a bun and drank a cup of tea in a confectioner's, and got to the station an hour too soon. There she looked out anxiously for the messenger from Lyons, fearing terribly that he would be late for the Fife train. When at last he came in sight, laden with big cardboard boxes, Divina nearly clapped her hands for joy. She bundled the boxes into the carriage. and waited impatiently for the train to start, that she might take a peep into Then prudence forbade thisprudence and the thought that the parcels had to be conveyed along the mile of road between the station and Sandyhill Farm. She contented herself with breaking a corner off the lid of the hat-box that she might get one glimpse of the emerald velvet hat. How beautiful it was! and how it would "become her!" Divina laughed aloud in the empty carriage.

"He'll speak this week," she said gleefully.

Sunday dawned without a cloud. All round and round the great arch of sky was brilliantly blue, smiling down upon the green earth and the valleys thick with corn. Could death and grief reign in this splendid world that seemed quick only with life and joy? . . .

Divina certainly was finding it a joy-

ous place. Her light Sunday duties were over, and now at three o'clock, she was free to don her new clothes.

Of course she had already held a hurried dress-rehearsal late at night by the flickering light of a candle; but that had scarcely counted. Now in the full blaze of day, with her door securely locked against intrusion, Divina began her toilet. It was a tremendous occasion—how tremendous you will only be able to realize when you remember the repressive influences under which the girl had been brought up, and the great natural law that was working now in her young nature like a ferment.

First of all, Divina arranged her curly locks in a huge halo round her face, as she had done once before. Then she put on her skirt and blouse. but was rather perplexed by the discovery that the blouse was transparent and showed her tidy pink flannelette under-bodice almost down to the waist. Could this be right? "Transparencies are all the rage," Miss Campbell had said when showing her the garmentthis must have been what she meant; but why display one's underclothing? Divina pondered the question, then compromised by pinning a clean pocket-handkerchief across her bosomthat seemed better, and she went on with her toilet. The length of the skirt was rather dismaying to one who knew nothing of the art of lifting a skirt elegantly; Divina tried to grasp it in each hand alternately, then gathered it all up in one immense bunch to one side, and wondered how it would be possible to walk when so hampered. The coat was too big; it was also badly cut; but its owner was mercifully unaware of these deficiencies-she thought it perfect.

Divina then crowned her brows with the great green hat which sat more jauntily than before upon her puffedout hair. Last of all, she flung the white coque boa round her shoulders, and fell back from the glass to gaze at her own reflection with a feeling that was akin to awe. The Nicholson orphan had completely disappeared—"gone as if never she had breathed or been," as Christina Rossetti sings, and in the orphan's place stood a vision of fashion, dazzling to the eye of the beholder.

"My word but I'm braw!" Divina cried, pirouetting before the glass, moving it up and down in a vain effort to get a full length view of herself in its six-inch surface. She felt a little shy at the thought of facing people in such an altered guise; but it was a proud shyness-surely everyone must see that the change was for the better? Yet a lurking fear oppressed her, "I wonder would Mrs. Gilchrist like them," she thought-"them" being, of course, the new clothes. Mrs. Gilchrist, however, was comfortably asleep behind the pages of the British Weekly in the parlor, so Divina was able to slip down stairs and get across the yard unobserved. Out upon the high road she was safe, but Divina had now to learn the truth of that severe little proverb "Pride must suffer pain."

For it was a windy afternoon, and her great hat swayed perilously on her head, secured only by one pin. fore she had gone many yards the hat blew off altogether. Divina clutched at her new treasure, pinned it on again-awry-struggling at the same time with her unfamiliarly long skirt. For a few minutes she felt perfectly desperate, then coming to a more sheltered bit of road, she stood still and endeavored to get herself more in hand. The hat was skewered on squintly but firmly, she gathered up her skirt in an iron grip, rearranged the ruffled plumage of the boa, and then walked slowly on towards the crossroads, her usual trysting-place with John.

This fight with fashion and the elements had made Divina a little later than usual, and as she drew near the cross-roads she saw that John was coming to meet her.

"Eh me, what'll he say —he'll be a prood man the day!" thought Divina, strutting along exactly like a peacock. She even let go her grasp of the skirt, and let it trail behind her in the dust.

John came nearer and nearer, yet made no sign of recognition. At last, as they came actually face to face with each other, he halted, staring at her in a bewildered way.

"This is a real fine afternoon," said Divina simpering, by way of opening conversation. But still John uttered not a word. It is true that he took his pipe from his mouth as if preparing for speech, yet no words came from his lips. He simply stood there and gazed at Divina, with a long, disgusted, contemptuous stare. Then very deliberately he turned away and walked off in the opposite direction, without having exchanged a single word with Divina. She, stupid girl that she was. did not take in the situation-or refused, perhaps, to admit it to herself. A wave of color rushed over her face at this "affront" that had been "put upon her"; then she decided that it must be a mistake.

"Hi, John! it's me—d'ye no' recognize me?" she called after him. He halted at the sound of her voice and looked round. Divina came towards him, she stood close beside him, her face flushed with vexation under the great green hat.

"Did ye no' ken me?" she asked again. His answer came slow and unmistakable:

"Fine that, Divina; but I'm fair scunnert at ye."

"What for?" she asked defiantly, though she now knew perfectly well.

"Yer ower braw for me," said John sarcastically, indicating by a wave of his hand the green hat, the white boa, the trailing skirt, all the bravery her young soul adored.

"What ails ye at the hat?" she asked, trying to put in a feeble defence.

"It's no' the hat; it's the lassie that could buy it; I thought more o' ye, Divina; it seems I was mistaken."

It was Divina's turn now to mount her high horse. No girl of spirit could have done otherwise. She tossed her feathered head and made stiff reply. "Oh weel, Mr. Thompson, if that's the way of it I'll wish ye good evening."

"Good evenin'," John responded, and they turned away from each other, Divina gulping down tears of mortified vanity and intense disappointment.

"Mistaken indeed! I'll mistake him!" she muttered, employing that vague and awful kitchen threat at which many a brave heart has quailed.

It was no good to walk on alone in her fine clothes—where would the pleasure of that be?—better go home and tell Mrs. Gilchrist that she found it too hot for walking. . . . She floundered along in the dust and wind and hot sunshine, her heart bursting with rage and vindictive feeling, longing only to get in again and be able to tear off the finery that had brought this humiliation upon her.

John meantime, trudging steadily away from his Divina, experienced equally bitter feelings.

"A Jezebel, just a fair Jezebel!" he told himself. "And I that took her for the quietest lassie in the country-side . . . did ever a man see the like o' yon hat? . . . she's made a fool o' me athegither."

Now a man can face up to most griefs, to almost every sorrow, but to be made a fool of he cannot bear: this is the ultimate bitterness. John bit upon the thought after the fashion of some natures, telling himself over and over again what a fool he had been to imagine Divina a sensible, quiet girl

of his own way of thinking, when in reality she was a good-for-nothing huzzie of the usual sort. She was not the wife for him; he must cast her out of his thoughts, forget her entirely, never see her again. All the harsh Calvinistic side of the man's nature came uppermost at this moment, effacing the normal, human feeling that had begun to spring up in his heart.

So the two went their separate ways, as unhappy a man and woman as you can well imagine.

Mrs. Gilchrist being apparently still asleep, Divina had the good luck to gain the shelter of her own room without encountering her mistress. Once having attained this haven, she gave way at last to the pent-up feelings of the afternoon. Taking off the unlucky green hat, she flung herself down on the bed, and burst into noisy passionate sobs like the child she still was at heart. Do not suppose that Divina wept the tragic tears of wounded love -no, they were only tears of bitter mortification. But then, as the Bible truly asks, "A wounded spirit who can bear?"-certainly extreme youth cannot endure it, and Divina wept on until she had made herself quite sick, and her eyes were all swollen up. when the storm had a little worked itself out, she rose, changed the green costume for her black merino gown. smoothed out her puffed hair, bathed her eyes, and went down to prepare supper. Mrs. Gilchrist was quick to notice that something was wrong; but with a fineness of feeling that is often wanting in elderly people, she took no notice of Divina's swollen eyelids, and contented herself with sending the girl early to bed. So ended this disastrous Sunday for Divina.

John, too, had gone home; but not being able to relieve his feelings by a burst of tears, he sat glumly smoking by the kitchen fire all the evening. In vain his mother tried to get him to

talk: he remained doggedly silent. Things had, indeed, gone far deeper with John than with Divina, and the events of the afternoon had made him profoundly unhappy. For the first time in his thirty healthful years, John could not sleep that night. From side to side he tossed, counting the slow hours as they went by, and struggling with something that was too strong for him. At last, as morning dawned, he gave up the struggle. With a great sigh he turned over on his pillow:-

"The worst o't is—I maun hae her—hat and a'," he confessed to himself.

The Cornhill Magazine.

A few days later, Mrs. Gilchrist thought it necessary to question Divina plainly on the subject of her relations with John Thompson. The young man made so many excuses for coming to the back door, and managed to hold such long conversations there with Divina, that there seemed little doubt about his intentions. But the good woman did not get any very definite information out of Divina.

With a toss of her head, and a smile of quite infinite satisfaction, she gave the following enigmatic reply:

"It's true John's wantin' me; but I'm no' so sure that I'll tak' him."

Jane H. Findlater.

KING'S ENGLISH.

In the respectable days of Queen Victoria, it was a common reproach among cultivated circles to say that someone could not speak "Queen's English." The reproach sometimes fell on a man who, by his industry and wits, had risen from the position of workman to be head of a factory or other "concern," and was devoting the energies of old age to enjoying the greatest happiness that money can buy. But more often it fell upon the woman who had risen at his side, and now either disregarded her aspirates altogether or rose at them painfully, as a bad hunter rises at a fence and scrapes the top bar. The reproach implied that the person had not mixed with elegant society in youth, had been at one time poor, and was indifferently brought up among people careless of grammar and accustomed to some local accent, the Irish and Scottish accents alone being acquitted of vulgarity, owing to their natural beauty and romantic associations.

"Queen's English" was the standard of correctitude. It was the natural

language of the genteel-the people who were slower than others at rhyming "knowledge" with "college," or sounding the aspirate in "humble." Whether, since the late Queen's death, the phrase "King's English" has come into use for expressing the same distinction, we are not quite sure. We have not heard it so employed, perhaps because fastidious exactness is becoming merged in the jumble and hurry of motor traffic and compulsory education. Or it may be there is a certain daintiness about a feminine monarch that no Salic Law can command, and that a male succession excludes; just as, with pitying admiration, one may call some ill-mannered but honest fellow-creature a "nature's gentleman." But no one to this day has ever ventured to describe any woman as a "nature's lady." Still, if we spoke about "King's English" at all. it would evidently signify the finest. the most cultivated, the most correct form of our language-such perfect utterance as the little cabin-boy would expect to hear from the King of whom he sang:-

Soon we'll be in London Town, See the King in his golden crown; Sing, my lads, yo ho!

But if that little cabin-boy had been to Parliament and heard a King's Speech, what a shock he would have received! Better for him to die prattling his ditty, with his sweet blue eyes turned up to the cockpit roof, as was described in many a melting drawingroom while the song held the fashion. Mr. Balfour is no blue-eyed cabin-boy; he has frequently seen the King in his golden crown; he is as hardened to "King's English" as a lodging-house servant is to her lover's Cockney. Yet a King's Speech is almost too much Last Monday he complained for him. bitterly of what he called that amazing piece of English. He spoke of the "ambiguities lurking in that remarkable specimen of our mother tongue"; he doubted if one passage had any meaning at all, though "it appeared to embody two quite different policies which had no connection whatever, except that it had been found possible to force them into the framework of one ungrammatical sentence." He even quoted "some unkind person" who said the King's Speech is always more stupid than the most stupid man in the Ministry, and he suggested that the grammar of it is sometimes worse than that of the most illiterate man in the But in the end, being hard-Cabinet. ened to "King's English," as we said, he put it all aside as a thing of small "I do not think it much importance. matters," he admitted, "whether the Government have put good or bad grammar into his Majesty's mouth, because Ministers, and not his Majesty, are responsible."

Will the Leader of his Majesty's Opposition allow the prerogatives of the Crown thus to be curtailed? Is bad grammar to be put into the King's mouth whether he likes it or not? Commanding the Army and Navy, is he to have no command of his own tongue? It is not to the measure of the most illiterate man in the Cabinet that the ideal of "King's English" has been built, and it cannot be a matter of small importance whether the popular ideal of correct language shall be maintained. "He who writes badly thinks badly," said Cobbett, in one of his six letters, "intended to prevent statesmen from using false grammar, and from writing in an awkward manner":—

"The bad writing, on which I am about to remark, I do not pretend to look on as the cause of the present public calamities, or any part of them" (he was writing in June, 1822); "but it is a proof of a deficiency in that sort of talent which appears to me to be necessary in men entrusted with great affairs. He who writes badly thinks Confusedness in words can badly. proceed from nothing but confusedness in the thoughts which gave rise to them. These things may be of trifling importance when the actors move in private life; but when the happiness of millions of men is at stake, they are of importance not easily to be described."

We altogether deny that confusedness in words and in thoughts is a matter of trifling importance when the actors move in private life. Indeed, our chief complaint against the abuses of "King's English" is that they encourage such confusedness throughout the country down to the very poorest board schools. But certainly it is surprising that the most confused and laborious specimens of our language should be found in those pronouncements upon which the happiness of millions of men depends-the pronouncements uttered by the King in his official capacity, or issued in his name. Till it comes to "King's English," most people can say what they want to say intelligibly. The language which ought to be the model of expression has become the greatest hindrance to lucidity.

fact may be proved from all Acts of Parliament, laws, legal documents, proclamations, and many Ministerial utterances besides the King's Speech. One remembers how Matthew Arnold took the language of some Land Act to illustrate the impossibility of any genuine reconciliation between the English authors of it and a humorous, clearwitted people like the Irish. One remembers, also, that article in the marriage settlement of Tristram Shandy's mother, beginning, "And this Indenture further witnesseth." and proceeding for full five pages of engrossed handwriting to the sentence:-

"And also the advowson, donation, presentation, and free disposition of the rectory or parsonage of Shandy aforesaid, and all and every the tenths, tithes, glebe-lands"—In three words—"My mother was to lie in (if she chose it) in London."

This kind of language was, perhaps, originally adopted to avoid legal disputations arising from the omission of some rent, reversion, service, annuity, fee-farm, knights' fee, view of frankpledge, escheat, relief, mine, quarry, goods and chattels of felons and fugitives, felons of themselves, and put in exigent, deodand, free warren, or any other royalty and seigniery, right and jurisdiction, privilege and hereditament whatsoever. And it has been maintained, in order that litigants may feel they have something to show for their money, and that lawyers, like the Egyptian priests when they maintained their hieroglyphics, may have money to show for something. Partly, also, it is maintained, in the hope of impressing the illiterate with the majesty of the Law, which requires all that sonorous magnificence of time and space to express itself adequately; and thus it fulfils the same function as the judge's cap, or the town crier's appeal for attention when he rings

his bell and shouts, "O yes! O yes!" Sometimes it may happen that a statesman deliberately falls "King's English" of this quality on the chance that its obscurity may in the future favor his escape from some apparent pledge; for, under the stress of political necessity, what is more convenient than to slip away from the more obvious meaning into the refuge afforded by an alternative interpretation? But as to the King's Speeches in particular, we believe the peculiarities of their style to be due to the method of their composition. We understand that when the variegated opinions of the Cabinet have at last been knocked into some common agreement, the chief points are entrusted to the Downing Street butler to put together, in accordance with the established precedent that has slowly broadened down from Premier to Premier. There is a uniformity in the style that points to a hereditary tradition, if not to a single hand. In that same "Grammar of the English Language" to which we have already referred, William Cobbett analyzes the King's Speech of 1814, and he detects in it exactly the same errors of grammar and expression as may be subsequent discovered in King's Speeches up to what Mr. Balfour described as that "amazing piece of English" last Monday. "There is not," he says, "in the whole Speech one single sentence that is free from error." Yet he believed that "each of the Ministers had a copy of the Speech to read, to examine, and to observe upon."

"Though a man," he continues, "may possess great knowledge, as a statesman and as a legislator, without being able to perform what the poet would call writing well; yet, surely we have a right to expect in a Minister the capacity of being able to write grammatically; the capacity of putting his own meaning clearly down upon paper. But in the composing of a King's Speech it

is not one man, but nine men, whose judgment and practical talent are employed."

Then, taking the Speech line by line, he goes on to show "what pretty stuff is put together, and delivered to the Parliament, under the name of King's Speeches." Similarly, we can imagine him taking even our shortest King's Speech on record, and pointing out such little errors as that "the establishment of the Union of South Africa has been fixed at the end of May," where "fixed for the end" should be read. again, in the fourth paragraph, the words, "I contemplate this visit, when My son will have the privilege, &c.," should read, "during which My son." And, in the same paragraph, the words "[My son] will convey to South Africa, on behalf of Myself and the Empire, our ardent prayers for the welfare," &c., imply a strange religious perversion, for, when we pray for the sick, we do not convey our prayers to the hospital, but offer them directly unto God, who is as near us here as in the next street. So, again, at the beginning of the following paragraph, where the King is made to say, "In The Nation.

conformity to the important measure." every educated subject would say, "in conformity with." And as to those paragraphs of which Mr. Balfour appears chiefly to have complained, it would take pages of discussion fully to explain the possible meanings of such phrases as: "serious difficulties, due to recurring differences of strong opinion," and "these Measures, in the opinion of My advisers, should provide that this House" (meaning in grammar the House of Commons, but in reality the House of Lords). "should be so constituted and empowered," &c.

If we must drop the supposition of the Downing-Street butler, we can only suppose that what Cobbett considered an additional advantage in the framing of a King's Speech, is actually a hindrance, and the chief cause of its obscurity and bad grammar. It is not one man, he says, but nine men, whose judgment and practical talent are employed. That is just the worst of it. A committee can no more write a letter than it can write an ode. many cooks spoil the menu, and in the multitude of counsellors there may be Wisdom, but there is never Style.

A FRENCH MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

wealthy country which lies between Amiens and Beauvais, whose cathedrals are two of the most magnificent in the world, for their nave and choir put together would realize the highest ideal of an architect. The village is small and unpretentious, but party feeling runs high. It was indeed a vital question which disturbed our peace. Before the opening of the local sugar refinery the roads were bad and cut up in wet weather. The constant passage of heavy carts between October

Our village is situated beyond that and February had, however, made reform urgent, and they were now decidedly above the average; but their upkeep was very costly. The sugar refiner contributed his share; but that was not enough. The peasantry wished for a super tax on him and on the Château, which, although they had little to say to the extra cost, had a broad back and must bear it. first ballot the Radical party had carried two out of the four candidates. who had recorded more than half the available votes; but the four other can-

didates had not come up to these requirements and their seats were still vacant and had to be filled up. If the supporters of the Château were only unanimous, victory might yet be won; but the gardener had, without consulting anyone, put himself forward, and he had a deadly feud with the steward. It would be very difficult to carry both, and one had to withdraw. The gardener was a recent importation, and was given to understand that his heroism and self-sacrifice would be appreciated beyond measure if he would only withdraw, and he consented to do He was, however, so full of his noble self-sacrifice that he boasted of it at the village inn. This nettled the steward, who at the last moment sent the drummer round the commune to announce his withdrawal. The result was a foregone conclusion. Two Radicals, two Conservatives. and waverer were elected. The waverer was an intimate friend of Père Dupuy, the Radical candidate for the mayoralty, so that there was no doubt as to who would be elected mayor.

The sugar refiner saw there was a chance of saving the situation. had up Danton, Père Dupuy's son-inlaw, who was in difficulties, and told him that he would see him through if he would only abstain from voting for his father-in-law. The matter seemed settled, and the Conservative party looked forward to certain victory. Unfortunately they had counted upon the Piron, one of the result too soon. municipal councillors, could neither read nor write; but he had taken every precaution. He had spent a whole day learning how to put together the six letters which went to make up the name of Lenoir, the Conservative can-When the votes came to be counted the Bureau disallowed his. was true that his intention was perfectly clear beyond a doubt; still, the Bureau was hostile and exercised its

discretion by refusing to recognize what was absolutely clear. servative party was, however, somewhat relieved when it turned out that Père Dubois had made a mistake. He had not dropped a ballot paper into the box, but a receipted bill. In most countries his vote would have been invalidated, but at S. Jean things are worked differently. When he asked leave at the counting to substitute his ballot paper for the receipted bill, the Bureau argued that his intention was clear and allowed the vote. school-master was a strong Radical, but he had conscientious scruples and suggested that this was going rather far. He supported his argument by reference to the statute; but this did not matter, though his Radicalism was beyond reproach and he always was loudest in denouncing the rich at the Radical public-house. The Bureau told him to hold his tongue, and the délégué warned him that if the schoolmaster was not more careful he would have to report his disloyalty to the Republic to the authorities, and he naturally withdrew all protest in the face of such threats. This produced a tie, and then the older candidate is preferred in France. Père Dupuy, being the elder of the two candidates, was therefore declared duly elected, subject to the appeal lodged against the Bureau's refusal to admit the validity of Piron's vote. The matter came first before the Conseil de Préfecture at the chief town of the arrondissement. debated and argued for three days with all the eloquence the lawyers on both sides could command, but the verdict was a foregone conclusion, and Père Dupuy's election was duly confirmed. There was, however, another appeal to the Conseil d'Etat in Paris, a body which contains a sufficient number of men who are outside the reach of political pressure. In this case the judgments not only of the Bureau but of the

Conseil de Préfecture were reversed, and Piron's vote was recognized as valid. The whole country was very much upset, as the new Mayor had been firmly installed in his seat, and it was never expected that any tribunal would ever think of unseating a supporter of the Government. The effect was, however, magical. Not only the waverer but one of the Radicals realized it was as well to be on good terms with the new Conservative Mayor, and rallied to his side, so that for the present the condition is absolutely peaceful and likely to remain so for the next three and a half years when the next Municipal election takes place. sugar refiner is, however, extremely anxious, and called some time ago at the Château. He realized he had bimself no prospect of being elected Mayor, but M. le Comte was sure of success if he would only become a naturalized Frenchman. The Comte de Patates replied that he was extremely touched by this proof of confidence, but he was an Austrian and occupied a high position in his own country. Were he to become a naturalized Frenchman he would forfeit many privileges in his The Saturday Review.

native land; but M. Legent failed to understand. Think what it would mean. He could then do what he liked with the commune, have a voice in the government of the department, more or less indirect, and perhaps some day or another be Deputy for the department. He could, moreover, appear in evening dress with a tricolor band round his chest and marry those who wished to be joined in holy matrimony. there be a finer position? and, after all, was not France a much grander country than any other? Refuse the dead certainty of being Mayor of S. Jean! No, he could not understand it. It was simply incredible. The prospect is not, however, absolutely hopeless. servants of the Château can be registered as voters at S. Jean, and if only they can be depended on to give their votes for the Conservative candidate on the next occasion, the future will be absolutely secure. As it is the Mayor of S. Jean, a worthy publican and farmer, does his work quietly and unostentatiously and keeps the roads in good condition without endeavoring to increase the contribution of the Château or refinery to the local rates.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The murder of a benevolent and peace-loving old gentleman by broad daylight, in the library of his comfortable villa on Long Island Sound, is the mystery of Miss Edith E. Buckley's ingenious detective story. "The Snare of Circumstance," and to relieve from suspicion the victim's nephew and heir is the task set for himself by the bright young newspaper man who takes up the case after the police failed. The interest is sustained through three hundred and fifty generous pages, with a pretty little romance to relieve the tension, and the charac-

ters are more carefully drawn than is usual in stories of this type, the young heir being particularly lifelike. The book is sure to be popular. Little, Brown & Co.

The hero of Gertrude Hall's novel, "The Unknown Quantity," is a dashing young lawyer, fast sacrificing his profession to his pleasures, and the heroine, a brave, single-hearted little widow, equipped with nothing but courage and faith for the struggle to maintain herself and her boy. The opening pages of the book, describing

the decay of their fortunes," are delightful, and promise a story quite out of the common, but all too soon we are in the familiar atmosphere of the smart set of the metropolis, and the charm of the chapter called "Ceres' Daughter" scarcely compensates for "An Old Flame." The writer handles her situations cleverly, and is unusually successful in the portrayal of complex types of character, and her book is undeniably readable. But one suspects that it will fail of the appreciation its merits deserve through being too highly-spiced for some palates and too mild for others. Henry Holt & Company.

No more pungent or effective presentation of the negative side of the woman suffrage question has been made than is contained between the covers of the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley's little volume on "The Wrong and Peril of Woman Suffrage," which the Fleming H. Revell Company publishes. Dr. Buckley dedicates his book "to men and women who look before they leap," and the form of the dedication expresses very well the spirit in which he writes. Those who are inclined to regard woman suffrage merely as an experiment, which may be straightway abandoned if its workings are not satisfactory, will find Dr. Buckley's reasoning enlightening. He does not regard nor treat the subject lightly. considers carefully all the arguments adduced in favor of woman suffrage and meets them with counter argu-Conservative folk will find his little book an arsenal of weapons; and people who are considering this muchdiscussed question with an open mind will find it profitable to take their preliminary look in these pages before they leap.

Readers of the symposium on "The

the Santrey ladies, "singularly calm in Psychology of Conversion" which The Living Age reprinted from The Nation in its issues for February 5 and February 19, will be interested to know that Harold Begbie's book "Broken Earthenware" which formed the text for that symposium has been reprinted in this country under the title "Twice-Born Men," by the Fleming H. This "clinic of re-Revell Company. generation," as the author calls it in his sub-title, is also described by him as a foot-note in narrative to Professor William James's "The Varieties of Reli-Experience"; but Professor gious James, in a note warmly commending Mr. Begbie's book-writes "I might as well call my book a foot-note to his." However that may be, Mr. Begbie's book is so sincere and thrilling a recital of the experiences of certain of the most desperate specimens of abandoned men and women from the London slums who have been rescued to lives of purity and religious faith through the labors of a devoted Salvation Army adjutant that it forms a pleasing variation upon mere theological discussion by its vivid portrayal of the changes actually wrought by religion to-day upon material the most unpromising. Spiritual phenomena such as are here described call for some explanation; and the simplest and most obvious explanation is that they are as truly the direct result of the workings of the Son of Man as were the miracles of physical and spiritual healing which He wrought in Galilee. Mr. Begbie's book is full of hope and inspiration to those who believe in the latent possibilities of even the most hardened and desperate men and women. Such stories as those of "The Puncher," "The Tight Handful," "Old Born Drunk," "The Lowest of the Low," and even "The Apparent Failure," are of thrilling and vital interest and afford convincing evidence of the present-day power of religion.

